



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, national in scope, is edited and published with episcopal approbation.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O.S.B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; \$5.00 for two years. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts,

CONTENTS

Editor's Page	243
The "Trimmin's" of the Rosary—(Poem)—J. O.B..	244
Hills of Rest—John M. Cooney	246
A Hundred Thousand Blows—C. E. H.	249
Padre Montoya—Constance Edgerton	250
Patriarchal Mission in Palestine—Dom. Lambert Nolle, O. S. B.	251
An Essay for Dreamers—James Stephan White..	252
The Very Cure—Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.	253
The Secret Room—(Poem)—Nancy Buckley	254
On the Field of Waterloo—(Poem)—C. J. Q., S. J.	255
The Church that Patrick Henry made Famous	256
Padraig Donohue and the White Steed—Vincent J. Delacey	257
The Ideal System—A Plea for an United Christianity—Mrs. J. T. Whipple	260
Preparation of Children for School—I. S. M. A.	262
Better Homes—A Stronger Nation—A. V. H.	262
Saint Mary-of-the-Woods and the Holy Eucharist	264
Notes of General Interest	266
Benedictine Chronicle and Review—L. A. B., O.S.B.	269
Children's Corner—Agnes Brown Hering	272
Abbey and Seminary	277
Maid and Mother—Clare Hampton	279

postal and express money orders payable to THE ABBEY PRESS. Do not use or add any other name.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

DONATIONS FOR POOR STUDENTS

We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Bursar of \$5,000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. The capital always remains intact. When one student has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1202.10. M. W., Wis., \$5; C. M., O., \$1; S. E. G., N. Y., \$1; L. G. E., Cal., \$1; M. B. C. Ct., \$2; A. Y., N. J., \$1; S. J. C., Ill., \$5; M. E. C., Cal., \$1; C. J. S., O., \$1; P. W., Ky., \$5; O. A. Pa., \$1; M. C., Ky., \$1; M. N., N. J., \$2; Mrs. F., N. Y., \$1; J. M. G., N. J., \$1; P. J. R., N. Y., \$1; M. T., Ill., \$1; E. A., Ind., \$5; J. McC., Ill., \$1. Total: \$1239.10.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1342.50. O. A., Pa., \$1. Total: \$1343.50.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1224.06. R. C., O., \$2; H. R., Mass., \$1; W. V., N. J., \$2; O. A., Pa., \$1; G. H. M., Pa., \$2; N. N., Pa., \$2; F. J. H., Mass., \$5; D. J., Mich., \$1; K. R., Ind., \$1. Total: \$1241.06.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1218.37. M. E., Ind., \$1; G. V., N. Y., \$2; R. H. L., O., \$15; O. A., Pa., \$1. Total \$1237.37.

Address all letters and communications to

THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

THE GRAIL BUILDING FUND

Previously acknowledged: \$2334.72. California: W. R., \$1; Indiana: W. O. C., \$1; Kentucky: J. C. S., \$1; Massachusetts: B. N., \$2; F. J. H., \$5; New York: C. R., \$1; A. A. D., \$2; Ohio: E. R., \$1; Wisconsin: C. K., \$1; H. B., .25¢. Total: \$2649.97.

FOR THE SUFFERERS OF CENTRAL EUROPE

E. K., Mich., \$20.

N. B., Money with requests for Masses to be offered up by an impoverished and needy priests of central Europe will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, B. F.,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

OBITUARY

Rev. William F. Seibert, diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Julius Pohl, O. S. B., Belmont Abbey, N. C.; Sister Consolata Riebhenthaler, Oldenburg, Indiana; Mr. John Struempf, Linn, Mo.

Fr. Harold Smith, O. S. B., a cleric of St. Benedict Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, who was completing his course in theology at Rome, died on August 23rd at Beuron Abbey in Germany, where he was spending the vacation.

Just as THE GRAIL was going to press word was received that Rev. John Vasen, a student of St. Meinrad Seminary during the past five years, had died at 4 o'clock in the morning of September 20th at his home in Linn, Missouri. On May 20th Mr. Vasen received the subdiaconate and in a few months more would have been promoted to the priesthood. The deceased, who was a student of the Belleville diocese, was a pious young man.

Eternal rest grant them, O Lord!

The Wanderer

JAMES STEPHAN WHITE

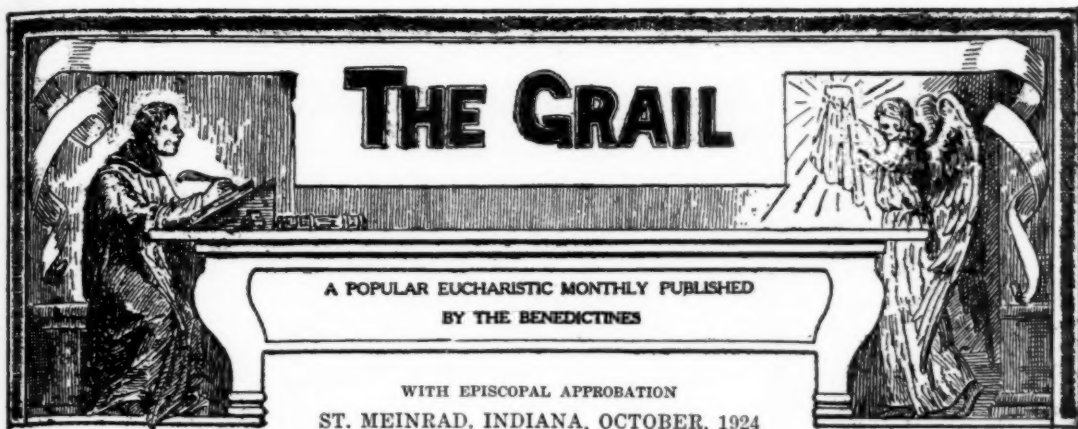
What matters it the way I go,
Silent and apart?

My path is through the untracked snow,
And none can read my heart.

My words are said for me alone,
My deeds are mine to do;
My words are cut of desperate stone,
My deeds are twined with rue.

And yet, ah God, at times the hope
Restless creeps within,
To find some house on pleasant slope,
And mingle with my kin.

What matters it the way I go,
Silent and apart?
My way is through the untracked snow,
And none can read my heart.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

A Regional Eucharistic Congress

Impressive was the Regional Eucharistic Congress that convened on September 10th and 11th at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. The solemn midnight Mass, which ushered in the 10th, with the numerous low Masses that followed, the Pontifical High Mass that opened the Congress, the holy hour for the priests, the Pontifical Requiem for deceased members of the Priests' Eucharistic League, the holy hour for the faithful, the closing exercises with a grand procession over the spacious campus, all made an impression that will not soon be forgotten. An archbishop, five or six bishops, an equal number of monsignori, nearly 250 priests, and a goodly sprinkling of seminarians were in attendance. The sessions of the Congress were held in the auditorium. The papers read and the discussions that followed showed earnestness and zeal on the part of the clergy for the Holy Eucharist. We are sure that the delegates returned home with hearts inflamed with greater love for the lone Prisoner of the Tabernacle. In his closing remarks Rt. Rev. Bishop Schrembs, protector of the Priests' Eucharistic League in the United States, spoke very encouragingly also of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom, which he heartily recommended. Through the Holy Eucharist the I. E. L. would make all men one in Christ.

Congress for Reunion

We have all read with pleasure of the five-day congress which closed at Velehrad, Czechoslovakia, on August 3rd. The East and the West met. It was the purpose of the congress to discuss the measures necessary for reunion. There are differences to be settled before reunion can be effected. Many centuries ago the Eastern Orthodox Church separated from the Church of Rome. Let us hope and pray that this initial step towards reunion may in due season bear good fruit.

After the example of her Master, who prayed that all might be one, the Church of Rome prays for union among all men. She endeavors to reclaim those who

have gone astray; she sends her missionaries to the heathen and pagan to bring them the light of faith; she labors incessantly for the spiritual welfare of all her children. Her every effort is for union, peace, harmony,—the salvation of all men.

To help bring about this union among all men is the grand object for which the International Eucharistic League was established at Vienna four years ago. The threefold object for which the League works and prays is (1) union and harmony among all Catholics, (2) the return to the Church of all schismatics and Protestants, and (3) the conversion of all non-Christians: the unbaptized—heathens, Mohammedans, Jews, and all others. Thus the union of all men in Christ is the object that the League will endeavor to attain.

The requirements of the League are extremely simple. They entail no hardship and place no burden upon anyone. All that is asked is a brief daily offering—which may be made at any time or in any place, an occasional Mass heard and Holy Communion received at the convenience of the individual member. There are no fees, no dues, no collections. May all who desire to assist in effecting this union for which the Savior prayed become members of the League. Send in your name to the editor of THE GRAIL.

The Grand Pardon

With the Saints in heaven, our brethren who have fought the good fight and now wear the crown of justice, we rejoice especially on November 1st. But All Souls Day fills us with sorrow and pity for the sufferings of those who by the mercy of God are paying the penalty for their follies by the torments of purgatory. These sufferers appeal to us to help them out of the pit into which they have fallen and thus hasten the day of their deliverance.

For this reason the Church devotes the month of November to the Poor Souls. She opens the month with a grand pardon, which is within the reach of all, and urges the faithful of every clime to come to the aid

of these poor sufferers. Beginning with noon, then, on All Saints, until midnight of All Souls, a plenary indulgence may be gained in every Catholic Church throughout the world *as often as* one visits the church and prays there for the intentions of the Holy Father. The Confession may be made within eight days before the feast or within the eight days that follow, but the Holy Communion should be received either on All Saints or on All Souls. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Abie's Irish Rose

Yes, it is a screaming comedy. Everyone surely gets his money's worth. Yet, how many Catholics have received a rude shock while listening to "Father" Whalen. He comes on the stage, a typical Irish priest. The Catholic girl has "married" the Jewish boy before a Protestant minister. The Jewish father wants it done by the rabbi; the Irish father, by a priest. Then "Father" Whalen expostulates. Why all this useless fuss? They have been married! Let it go at that. And he and the rabbi affably agree that such differences should not occur. After all, all roads in religion are much the same!

That, falling from the lips of a priest will make you catch your breath. You will see him there in all dignity and hear him speak those words, and, if you are a real Catholic, you will say to yourself, "Poor fish!" It is only the great American idea that one religion is as good as another.

The Fickle Populace

"Fatty" Arbuckle is again on stage and screen. Not so long ago he was banned from public notice by all theatre goers. His very name was anathema. Now the mob presses to see his passing and he plays to packed houses.

Our High Schools and Vocations

It is very gratifying to see the growth of our Catholic High Schools. Next to the parochial grade schools, nothing is dearer to the Church than her high schools. They will be the means of building up a stanch Catholic laity for the future, preventing those numerous wrecks to the faith of the young which have been occasioned so often before by godless teaching.

However, with the coming of our high schools, a question has arisen which must be squarely met. It has to do with the inclination of parents, who have a son with a vocation to the priesthood, to place the boy for the first years in the local high school, either for

the purpose of saving money, or to "try" his vocation. It is indeed a trial, and many vocations are thereby lost. The mind of the Church is that these boys should be separated early from worldly environments, and this can be done only by placing them in the preparatory seminary where they belong.

The "Trimmin's" of the Rosary*

JOHN O'BRIEN

Ah, the memories that find me, now my hair is turning gray,
Drifting in like painted butterflies from somewhere far away,
Flitting idly through my fancy, and the pictures fading fast,
Pass again in rose and purple o'er the broad screen of the past.
There's the old selection dreaming 'neath the wistful, watchful stars,
And the breeze is telling stories to the list'ning "cool-abahs";
And the old home, looking welcomes from its big, bright, friendly eyes,
With the "Sugar-loaf" behind it, blackened in against the skies;
There's the same dear, happy circle round the box-log's cheery blaze,
With a little Irish mother telling tales of other days,
While the fountain keeps a-singing on the hook be-sooted o'er,
And the youngsters on their hands and knees play "horses" round the floor.

She had one sweet little custom that I never can forget,
And a gentle benediction crowns her memory for it yet;
I can see that little mother still, and hear her as she pleads:

"Now it's getting on to bedtime; all you children get your beads."

There were no steel-bound conventions in that old selection free;

Only this—each night she lined us up to say the Rosary;
E'en the traveller who stayed the night upon his journey knew

He must join the little circle, aye, and take his decade, too.

And I believe she darkly plotted, when a sinner hove in sight,

Who was known to say no prayer at all, to make him stay the night.

Then we'd softly gather round her, and we'd speak in accents low,

As we prayed as sainted Dominic prayed so many years ago.

And the little Irish mother's face was radiant, for she knew

* Reprinted by request.

That where "two or three are gathered," He is gathered with them too.

O'er the Paters and the Aves how her reverend head would bend,

How she'd kiss the cross devoutly when she'd counted to the end;

And the visitor would rise at once—and brush his knees, and then—

He'd look very, very foolish as he took the floor again; For she'd other prayers to keep him, they were long, long prayers in truth;

And we used to call them "trimmin's" in my disrespectful youth.

She would pray for all our little needs, and every cloud of care

That would darken o'er the "Sugar-loaf" she'd meet with a prayer.

She would pray for this one's "sore complaint," or that one's "hurt hand,"

Or that someone else "might make a deal," or "get that bit of land."

Yes, and then again to "make it rain," or else to "make it dry,"

And a help for Mary Jane McShane, "who's going to wed Matthi;"

And that "dad might sell the cattle well" and seasons good should rule

So that little John the clever boy, might go away to school.

There were "trimmin's" too, that came and went, but ne'er she closed without

Adding one for something special, none of you must know about.

Gentle was that little mother, and her wit would sparkle free,

But she'd ruin you if you looked about when at the Rosary.

If, perchance you couldn't find your beads, disaster waited you,

For the only one she'd pardon was the Dad—because she knew

He was hopeless, and 'twas sinful what excuses he'd invent,

So she let him use his fingers, and he "cracked" them as he went.

And he wasn't always certain if he counted five or ten, So he'd face the crisis bravely, and would start around again,

But she tallied all the decades, and she'd stop him on the spot

With a "Glory! Dadda, Glory!" and he'd "Glory" like a shot.

She would portion out the decades to the company at large;

Ah, but when we reached the "trimmin's," she would put herself in charge.

And it oft was cause for wonder, how she never once forgot,

But could keep them in their order till she went right through the lot.

For that little Irish mother's prayers embraced the country wide;

If a neighbour met with trouble, or was taken ill or died,

We could count upon a "trimmin'," till in fact it got that way

That the Rosary was but "trimmin's" to the "Trimmin's," we would say.

Then her spouse would enter protest (in the public good, we thought),

"Sure, you'll have us there till mornin'—yerra, cut them 'trimmin's' short."

But she always could outrange him in a decent argument;

And he'd sit in silence sulking, like Achilles in his tent; Then she'd take him very gently and he'd soften by degrees,

"Well, then let us get it over; come, now, all hands to their knees."

So the little Irish mother kept her "trimmin's" to the last,

Ever growing, as the shadows o'er the old selection passed,

And she lit our drab existence with her simple faith and love,

And I know the angels lingered near, to bear her prayers above;

For her children trod the paths she trod, nor did they later spurn

To impress her wholesome precepts on their children in their turn.

Aye! and every "sore complaint" got right and every "hurt hand,"

And we "made a deal" from time to time, and got that "bit of land."

And we never failed to get the rain, and as the years went by

We could see that Mary Jane McShane was fit for our Matthi;

Yes, and Dad did "sell the cattle well," and little John, her pride—

It was he who said the Mass in black the morning that she died.

And her gentle spirit triumphed, for 'twas this beyond a doubt,

That the "something very special" was, she kept so dark about.

But the years have crowded past us, and the fledglings all have flown,

And the nest beneath the "Sugar-loaf," no longer is their own;

For a hand has written *finis*, and the book is closed
for good;
There's a stately red-tiled mansion where the old slab
dwelling stood;
There the stranger has her "evenings," and the formal
supper's spread,
But I wonder has she "trimmin's" now? or is the
Rosary said?

Ah, those little Irish mothers, passing from us one by
one!
Who will write the noble story of the good that they
have done?
All their children may be scattered, and their fortunes
windwards hurled,
But the "trimmin's" on the Rosary shall bless them
round the world.

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter XIV

IN the small hours before the dawn, Philip Armstrong died. He had never recovered consciousness. There was no struggle in his passing; it was as if he fell asleep. Near him to the end were his sister, Katherine Mitre, and the Colonel, the nurse doing mutely what she could. Only the soft weeping of the two girls told that all was over. The Colonel, leaving them together, passed out under the stars. The meaning of death was better known to him than to the weeping girls above. This knowledge advancing age brings to all. But it does not render age callous. It does not fortify against the shock when another dear one leaves forever. On the contrary, youth it is that can shake off grief; it is youth that recovers from the heavy blow which death lays upon the fond and loyal heart. Men and women in middle life may manifest less grief, but their grief will last the longer even though they protest their sorrow not at all. A greater tenderness also for those in grief is theirs, and especially for the young whom sorrow claims. And so, after a loving and pleading prayer for Philip, the boy he had seen grow to manhood, the son of his friend and the lover of his own dearest daughter, the tender hearted Colonel gave his solicitude to Katherine and Willie Pat. Tomorrow he must try to console his old friend, whose home-coming would be the saddest he could ever know.

And now, out from under the shadow of the oaks on the grassy slope, comes Danny also into the starlight. A dozen times since darkness had fallen, Danny had gone to his cabin, only to come out again, sometimes to pace up and down nervously near his own door, sometimes wandering aimlessly along the creek, sometimes walking up the avenue so as to be near the house, and always watching the light that gleamed softly from the windows of the room in which life and death struggled for possession of the friend he loved. How quickly he would have sped to that bedside if his heart had

its way! But, in times of grief such as this, it is only the nearest and dearest that may come close together, only the old friends, tried and true. All others are intruders. And still, yesterday, he would not so have hesitated. It was only this morning that Willie Pat had shown him by her cold and forbidding demeanor, what was, after all, but the truth, that he was only a stranger. He realized this now. And yet he could not rest in his cabin; he could not refrain from looking up to those dimly lighted windows. How he leans wretchedly against a great oak as he gazes, in his soul beseeching Philip to make a good fight and come safely through, when, all at once, his figure sags, his heart sinks within him; he sits down upon the ground, his head bowed between his knees, for his ears had caught the first soft weeping of the girls above.

"May God be good to you, Phil," he murmured softly, and over and over again, "May God be good to you, my friend."

The softened sounds of subdued grief again penetrated to his consciousness, and he rose up slowly. Then falteringly he found his way to the avenue and kept on toward the front of the house. We saw him as he came out of the shadow of the oaks and into the starlight. Now he espies the Colonel, and advances slowly toward him.

"Colonel, this is Danny Lacey. Tell me," he said.

"Yes, it is true," replied the Colonel slowly, "He never regained consciousness, and, only a few minutes ago, he left us."

"Take me upstairs," urged Danny.

When they came into the room, Willie Pat and Katherine passed quietly out, and soon also the Colonel withdrew, leaving Danny alone. Danny could not find it in his heart to do aught else but stay. For long moments he would gaze at the pale lineaments of his friend, deep in pity and sorrow and his own sense of loss. Then his mind would run back over their short acquaintance, and even he would wonder at the closeness of the bond that had grown between

them in so short a time. No, the torment in his heart, because of the sister, neither caused nor rendered greater his affection for the brother. Philip's manliness, shown in a hundred ways beside his candid acknowledgment of a checkered past, his high sense of honor, his loyalty to those who had a claim to it, his modest self-effacement, his coolness and fearlessness in danger, these things commanded Danny's respect and affection, and the recollection of them now only filled his loyal heart with woe. It was not so with the sister. This thing in his heart that kept calling always for her, that kept her image in his imagination, that leaped up at the sound of her footstep and thrilled at the tones of her voice, the thing that only yesterday almost choked him with joy when on their long drive together, this thing might be love. If it was, it was love without that tranquil confidence and unruffled patience that characterized the friendship he had entertained for Philip.

So, into his mind came now the thought that, Philip gone, he too, should go away. There is no future here, his judgment assured him. He had come for a rest; what rest had he known or was he likely to know in this place? Even if the excitement of objective events should subside, he could know no rest within while living near Willie Pat Armstrong. Besides, from her coolness, from her recent manifestation of disdain and even of dislike, she would, he judged, rejoice at his departure. Was he a man, or was he a kitten, to hang around a woman that despised him? Then the trend of his mind would change, and he would feel a great pity for the object of his thoughts, so young, so weighted down with grief and heavy responsibility. How gladly he would assume a brother's place, and lift from her shoulders at least the heavy burden of the farm. It might be that, in decency, he would feel obliged to remain until she could secure someone to take his place. The father was returning, not because well again, but because the call of blood constrained him. If the father was too ill to live at home, what would he be able to do?—Nothing, probably. Then Danny's honest soul reflected for him:

"I want to stay. I just want some excuse for staying. It is all a question of what Willie Pat thinks of me. After the funeral, I'll put it squarely up to her. 'After the funeral!'"

Danny rose up and paced the floor. He felt the nearness of his friend's remains on one side of the room, he noted the windows greying over with the pale light of dawn on the other. He moved to a window to let the cool, dewy breath of dawn refresh him after his sorrowful and lonely vigil. While he looked,

the first drowsy twittering of the birds awoke in the trees. Little by little he could distinguish one tree from another. Before many moments had passed, he thought he could even discern the grey form of his cabin in the hollow, and even the bush-grown line of rail fence separating it from the pike. Once even, he fancied he saw, however dimly, a figure crossing over the fence from within. A moment later, he heard wheels and hoof beats upon the pike, passing toward town, and he reflected upon how little difference to the world at large makes the very deepest grief of the individual. Death? Unrequited love?—"You'll get over it," the world will say.

While Danny still stood at the window, the Colonel entered the room and suggested that he go and catch a little sleep.

"I napped in the chair, myself," the Colonel informed him, "and you should get some rest now. We shall depend upon you for many things tomorrow; so get yourself into shape."

Knowing of nothing he could better do, Danny quietly quit the house and went down to his own little cabin and, entering in, threw himself upon the bed. Sleep was far from him, and, in the shadow of death, which saddened every feeling and sombered every thought of those about him as well as of his own, the sweet dawn delighted him none, nor could the growing beauty of the morning win him forth from his lonely room, in which the daylight was only now strong enough to make every object entirely plain. As his eyes wandered aimlessly about, restless as his own thoughts, they were arrested by particles of fresh, moist clay on several rounds of the ladder leading to the loft. The thing was startlingly plain. This soil on the ladder rounds was so dark that it must be quite fresh. Someone had recently climbed up the ladder. Would he never have any privacy from these intruders? Ah, yes, from one he would. God forgive him for even this approach to an unkindly thought of Philip. But, then, who had been up that ladder? He must see. There was mud, or wet clay, on the floor beneath the ladder, and there was more making a straggling line between the foot of the ladder and the back door. Danny quietly found his flashlight and pistol and, with as little noise as possible, made his way up the ladder and looked into the loft, searching every spot over with his light. There was no one there. That someone had been there, Danny felt certain, but who it was or what his purpose, Danny felt it idle to speculate. And still this mysterious visit concerned him singularly. The clay on the ladder was from Simkins' boots.

We have seen enough of Simkins to suspect

mischievous wherever he is about. Only one honest and humane thing have we ever discovered him at. When he stood under the tree yesterday afternoon with tears stealing from his eyes, his wretched, stunted heart was genuinely touched, his tears were honest tears. No man had more of his respect and confidence than Philip; no woman approached the altar of his worship, upon which he had enthroned Willie Pat. And yet he had connived against them and had helped to compass their ruin. As they were carried into their home unconscious, one wounded unto death, the other stricken with grief too great to endure, he seemed to realize in some measure his part in this cruel thing. Pity, sorrow, and remorse overcame for a time even his fear of Johnson; and that is a tribute to Simkins, for this fear of Bill Johnson was ancient, ingrained, and abject.

Johnson knew that Simkins was afraid of him, and that it was this and nothing else that bound Simkins to him. That is why he had hissed at him his terrible warning as he and Simkins drove toward the garage after leaving Father Roche at home. And that is why he did not hesitate to command Simkins immediately to perform for him another unworthy and degrading service, which was, to 'plant' his remaining stock of "moonshine" in Danny's cabin, so as thus to incriminate Danny and to protect himself. For he knew that, as soon as decency would permit it, the officers would make search all over the Armstrong place for further incriminating evidence, and he feared that his own premises would be searched because, in a somewhat wide and somewhat faithful circle he was well known as a master "boot-legger." The Federal agents might be charged with inconsiderateness in their methods, but they could not be charged with lack of vigor and thoroughness. So, after he had entered the rear office with Simkins and had closed and locked the door, he first insisted that Simkins take a generous drink, and then gave him his orders.

"Get this stuff out of here at once. When dark comes, carry it out to the Armstrong place and, as soon as you get a chance, hide it in the loft of the cabin where that fellow Lacey sleeps. Don't try to keep it from sight as you go. Leave it in that sack of oats and fasten the sack behind the buggy seat in full view of everybody. This place of ours will be raided tomorrow, most likely. We'll see to it that Lacey's nigger cabin will be raided at the proper time. Then our defense is complete,—unless someone squeals; and the fellows that buy from us don't dare squeal."

"Why can't I just take the stuff out and hide

it, or pour it in the creek or something? What's the use of gittin' Danny Lacey in trouble?"

"You do as I say," snapped Johnson sternly, "and then you'll not have any trouble. If you want trouble, just go back on me."

"You'd a-been in trouble yourse'f if I hadn't kep' you from shootin' Friday mornin'."

"I know it, Tom, and we are not going to fall out unless you play crooked. If you do that, you'll be lucky to escape into the penitentiary alive; and you'll be unlucky, and you'll curse the day when you get out. Now, I'm not strong enough to stay here any longer. I'm going home and to bed. If I'm not here early in the morning, look me up and tell me how you have succeeded."

Then Johnson left, and Simkins, to pass the time, took several drinks of the colorless, fiery liquid. He did not, however, on that account, neglect his business, and nine o'clock found him driving through the main street of Dunsboro with the sack of oats fastened almost conspicuously to the rear seat of the buggy. At the hotel corner he was halted by the town marshal.

"What you got in that sack, Tom?"

"Oats, I reckon; I ain't opened it to see."

"Don't b'lieve you'd open it to see. 'Pears to me you kinda *feelin'* your oats, ain't you? Where you goin' to?"

"Jes' out to the Armstrong place. I been workin' there 'bout th'ee days."

"Did you know Phil Armstrong was shot today?"

"Yes; I heard about it."

"It's a d—n shame. Them fellers won't git no he'p out o' me lookin' for moonshiners. Wouldn't surprise me if somebody pots 'em before they git out o' this country."

"Jes' between us, you're goin' to hear somethin' from these here oats yet. Don't say nothin' though."

"What's it all about?"

"You'll hear; don't say nothin' about it, but you'll hear."

This highly intellectual conversation does more than many highly intellectual conversations, in this, that it makes at least one fact clear, the fact that the town marshal of Dunsboro was not the mortal enemy of Simkins nor of those who love the 'moonshine.' So now let Simkins drive on while we follow leisurely and reach the Armstrong place ten minutes behind him. We pass the gate, we cross the creek, we ascend the farther slope until directly opposite Danny's cabin. There is a buggy near the fence and the horse is hitched to a rail with one of the lines. There is no sack, however, in the rear of the buggy, and there is no Simkins on

the seat. Simkins and the sack are both in the thicket to the rear of the cabin. Simkins has removed three jugs from the sack, and is waiting for an opportunity to pass, unseen, into the cabin. But Danny does not give him the opportunity. If Danny would get into bed and go to sleep, Simkins would risk it. Or, better still, if Danny would go up to the house, or anywhere else, and stay a while, he could finish the job at once. But Danny was in and out, in and out continually. Simkins could hardly resist the temptation to step forth from his hiding place and talk to Danny. There were moments when he felt strongly impelled to come out and tell Danny what he was there for and to unfold to him all of Johnson's damnable plots. But fear of Johnson restrained him; and when, as we have told already, Danny at length went up to the house and took up his sorrowful vigil, Simkins carried his jugs into the cabin, and bestowed them under the pile of corn shucks, which we have seen more than once in the low corner of the loft. Had he known he was doing this further treachery at very moment when Philip Armstrong was dying, Simkins might have repented, and braved Johnson's vengeance. As it was, he hurried out to his buggy as soon as the ugly job was done, and drove without delay and at a good pace, back to town. But he muttered more than once under his breath: "I'll inform on him, d—d if I don't, if they arrest Danny or if he makes more trouble for Miss Willie Pat."

Meanwhile Danny, although he well knew that someone had been in the cabin, had neither suspicion nor care about it at all, and was now fast asleep. Day had come. It was Monday morning.

(To be continued)

A Hundred Thousand Blows

C. E. H.

CARMELITE tradition tells that when Saint Teresa of Jesus was on earth, God willed that she should go to Seville, by the express order of her prelate, the prudent Father Jerónimo Graciá, to one of her heroic foundations, which was, so to say, like the exploring of lands in the Indies.

How full of toils and difficulties was that journey for the holy foundress! Perils on land; perils on the Guadalquivir, that river raging like the sea, on which the boat that carried her with her daughters was caught by the current and beached on a little sandy island; perils in

Córdoba, from the curiosity of the people at seeing the discalced nuns appear in public during the religious festivities; perils beneath some old thatched sheds, scant shelter from the burning Andalusian May; perils from the sun, which fell like a bolt on the head of the holy mother, causing her severe fevers; perils in Seville which, albeit generous and gentle and kindly, grew cross-grained and surly and discourteous to the saints; perils in the palace of the archbishop, a courteous gentleman, a lover of the Discalced Order, presumably a powerful friend. But there especially the prow of their vessel seemed to be on the shoals: the prelate opposed an unendowed foundation. Perils on all sides. It seemed as though the demon—and so it must have been—opposed with all his might the entry of the Virgin of Alba—that most fervent lover of the Mother of God, flower and ornament of the devotion kindled to the most Holy Mary—into those coast countries, that there courtesy might be mingled with holiness, and the zeal of divine love with Andalusian boldness amid all those courtly gentlemen, that they might deal with all the bulwarks and castles and turreted walls of Satan, so that not a helmeted head should remain in all that beautiful region, nor an ensign, raised by the Black Prince from the abyss.

But so it was; we come to the account given me by a Carmelite priest, well-informed of the facts, that the holy reformer, as she one day passed through the streets of populous Seville with one of her daughters whom she had brought with her for that important foundation, found herself antagonized by the people.

The venerable religious passed through the crowd, which shoved and elbowed to see this novelty, the black veil like a visor over their faces, the course white woolen cape, and the sandals.

They passed students, corner loungers and clippers of coins, soldiers, seafaring men, traders, women of the town, ladies and gossips, tramps, rascals, and ill-meaning folk, without any one daring to say anything discourteous to those religious who were respected in those noble pious countries, and in that age of gentlemen.

But an old captain, just back from Flanders and Picardy, chanced to pass, with his queer skin jacket, his fine plumed beaver hat, and his cross-hilted sword, whose guards were not much longer and more twisted than his ferocious Burgundian moustache. This captain, from his constant elbowing with Protestants both in peace and war, in converse, and in assaults of fortresses and in rebellions, exchanging sword thrusts and arguments, had acquired

* From the Spanish of Francisco Jimenez Campana of the Pious Schools.

a certain freedom of speech, and a something of Lutheran thought, and although those ideas had not sunk far down, he had a way of speaking without thinking, so when he saw the religious with their faces covered, walking with humble composure, he said aloud to his companion:

"By Barrabas! I can't think why these women, who should neither be old nor ugly, but gay and pretty, must needs conceal the graces and witcheries, which God has given them, with these black veils. Come! I don't like such folly! I would gladly give them a hundred thousand *palos*." (Strokes with a stick.)

"Sir!" said Teresa of Jesus, raising her veil and exposing her venerable face, where the years had left their gracious traces of constancy in sanctity. So full was her face of the grace of heaven from her celestial loves with Jesus, that it turned the old Flemish soldier into a statue. His veins were empty of blood, and he stood speechless before that beauty of the other life.

"Sir!" repeated Saint Teresa, "may God bless you, because I have at length met some one in Seville who is so generous as to relieve my need. I accept your offering, and do not doubt that, as you are a gentleman, you will be as good as your word. I am Teresa of Jesus, whom they call the Redemptress of the Carmelite Order and, in the service of Our Lord God, I am, with but scanty means, building one of my convents at Seville. I am in such need for the work of three hundred *palos* (the word means "poles" as well as blows with poles) out of the hundred thousand you offered me so liberally that I have no doubt that, with your generous aid, the monastery will be finished, *Nobleza obliga*; Spanish soldiers keep their word; so I count on you."

"You may count on me," replied the gentleman, who was wealthy, and *cristiano* (a Catholic). He was completely won over, and saw the fogs of Flanders and his light Lutheran trifling vanish in the presence of Saint Teresa.

Padre Montoya

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

FROM out the sacred cloisters of memory I sat in the purple shrouded dusk of a New Mexican twilight and visualized my friends who had gone to their Great Caprain. First there was Grandma. I cannot remember Mother. Grandma Edgerton reared me. Hers was a stony New Hampshire farm with a lake on it. As a child I drove the cow to the "pond" to drink. Later Uncle John Edgerton turned it into a bathing pool and summer colony. He built a large hotel.

When I was ten Grandma took me from the district school, where I had run barefoot, sunburned, and freckled. She entered me at a Dominican Convent where I remained until I was nineteen. Grandma was insistent I take a college course, and accordingly she entered me at ——— College, where I remained four years. Then she died. I lived with Uncle John and Aunt Kate a year, and gave myself over to a gay time, which ended up with lung trouble and very little funds. Then I came west.

As I sat gazing out across the silent spaces the twilight deepened into night, the distant hills were but invisible, and I thought of some of the lessons Father Kearney taught me. I saw a friendly star atop the highest mountain peak, brighter than the rest. It was so like Father, shining its very best, to guide us on. Poor Father. He must have been unutterably weary with this world and the work he did, yet never did he complain. In his every breath were love and devotion. All about me the stars peered forth like friendly lanterns twinkling through the dusk. Long I sat and gave myself over to sweet memories.

I returned to the rectory, where I had remained since Padre Montoya's arrival. After school I tidied up a bit, cooked supper, fed the hens. Saturdays I did what I could.

He was sitting in the little study when I came in. He is only a boy, three years ordained. He asked me to come in and talk. Which I did.

I told him I was outside thinking of my dead relatives and friends, and of my life, alone, always alone. So many days I have watched the golden rays of the hot summer sun fade into the purple of a long twilight, and think of my life. Playing no big part. I talked myself out.

He did not remember his mother. There were seven children, mothered by Marie, who assumed the responsibility when she was but fourteen. The father was a railroad engineer. Marie baked, sewed, mended, and made. She kept Anita, Dolores, and Ruth neatly dressed, and fostered a vocation in Padre. The girls went away to school. Ruth finished at Las Vegas Normal and taught nine years before she entered the Convent. She and Anita entered the Order the same day. Dolores was different. All for a career and big money. Went east and learned interior decorating. Opened a studio. Worked too hard. She had been for some months at Watrous Sanitarium. Tuberculosis. Padre had been to see her last week and she was cheerful, smiling, willing to go. Each knew the good-bye was final. Calm and quiet she was. Her lovely trusting eyes were unafraid. The twilight was fast fading into night when he left her, never to meet on earth

again. He left her smiling, happy, trusting, with faith firm and hope high.

"Where is your sister Marie?" I asked.

"Living at the old home in Trinidad."

"And your father?"

"Dead. Two years."

"There are two children you did not account for. Where are they?"

"Both were ordained some years before I was. They are twins," he answered softly.

"What is to hinder you bringing Marie here to look after you?"

"I thought it was your desire to be here," he answered simply. So I told him I only stayed because the Ladies Aid asked me to; that my school work was enough for me, and he should bring Marie. He did. Marie was beautiful, shy as a school girl, prudent, a born housewife.

We made her to home right away—ran in and out the kitchen door. Mrs. Carnahan would not take no from her about joining the Swell Sewing Circle. It was up to Devil's Neck to see that Marie had some social life. Mrs. Carnahan went right to Padre after Marie said no, and she told him Marie should get out with the women, and Marie came to the very next meeting.

Marie models in clay. She has given two heads to the school. She never took a lesson and right away any one can see they are St. Anthony and Lincoln. They are done with a fineness of touch and execution to stir the highest commendation. She knows all the old Mexican legends filled with desert lore, and is a born story teller. Each Friday afternoon she has story hour at the school.

Mrs. Irish and Grandma Peacock say that after Father Kearney died we saw where we could have helped him more, but instead of censuring ourselves and spending time in vain regrets, to turn in and help Padre Montoya.

Patriarchal Mission in Palestine

DOM. LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

The patriarchal or secular missions in Palestine have all been started gradually since 1853 by different patriarchs. They did not, as the town missions, contain European Catholics, nor were they helped with two exceptions, by European sisterhoods, nor were to be found in them any considerable proportion of born Catholics from the town missions, (for even in Palestine there is no throng from the towns to the country); but all the 26 secular missions are practically the results of missionary work by secular priests and native sisters amongst the native schismatics. If at present they number only about 4000 souls in 18 missions in Palestine,

and in addition less than 3000 souls in the 8 Missions in Transjordan, we must remember that these centres could only be built up gradually, for the Patriarch came here with only a few priests to help him, he had to staff a Seminary, and the number of native and European priests was growing very slowly. His financial resources too, for building, equipping, and staffing his schools and missions were and are very limited, for the Arabs are not accustomed or trained to support the Church, and so the Patriarch depends almost entirely on help from outside. On the other hand the work and needs of his priests do not become known to the pilgrims, nor are they made known through the press, as is the case with the missions in the great sanctuaries of Palestine.

In order to understand the difficulties under which these missions were started, we will make use of some detailed contemporary accounts.

1. Beitgiala. (Cfr. "Das Heilige Land 1870," p. 41.) Beitgiala, now a village of 3060 inhabitants, of whom 364 are Catholics, the rest, Greek schismatics, is two miles distant from the grotto of Bethlehem; it lies west of that town on a hill opposite Rachel's tomb, and is therefore visible to travellers from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. As there had always been some Catholics in the place, who belonged to the Bethlehem parish, several attempts had been made to start here a mission, but each time it proved impossible. When in 1853 the Patriarch had organized his new diocese and had the prospect of obtaining some priests for the missions, which he was expected to found, he thought again of Beitgiala as the first of them; it was also to become his first permanent residence and the place for his Seminary. But he did not know the sentiments and the influence of the schismatic Greeks. They had to abide by the fact that there were Catholic missions in the seven places of pilgrimage under the care of the Franciscans, but they considered new missions as so many invasions into their preserves. So they used all their influence of fanaticism and bribery to frustrate the first attempt of starting new Catholic centres in the hope that, if this failed, no further effort would be made. It was acknowledged later on that the Greek authorities had spent a million of Francs in bribes in Palestine and Constantinople. The inhabitants of the village entered fully into the sentiments of their religious leaders, and no priest could show himself in the village without the risk of being stoned or insulted. Under these circumstances the Patriarch Valerga himself with a priest took up his residence in a one-roomed hired house. For four months he

found it most difficult to live peacefully amongst the fanatics; the missionaries were attacked and threatened by armed men, the door of the house was destroyed and the walls were considerably damaged. As, nevertheless, the occupants showed no sign of yielding, rifle shots were fired into the room whilst the Patriarch was saying Mass. Thereupon, following the advice of the prudent and zealous French Consul Botta, the Patriarch retired for a time, until he could get satisfaction and redress from the Turkish Government. He had to wait for twelve months, but it was worth while. The Turkish authorities declared that the Patriarch was at liberty to start missions in any place where there were Christians. In addition, the Government gave him a few acres of land upon which he built a pretty church and a seminary for 30 students. These lines are typed in the very building which he erected, in a room which he inhabited, and which looks towards Bethlehem and across it upon the distant mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea. The mission, which counted only a few Catholics, is now one of the largest Patriarchal missions in Palestine, numbering some 360 Catholics. The Catholics are not only tolerated by the Greeks, but they are highly respected; Greek girls attend the elementary school managed by the Sisters of Saint Joseph or their higher school at Bethlehem, and many Greek boys come either to the parish school, taught by an English priest and two native teachers, or they go to one of the two Catholic higher schools in Bethlehem. A great attraction for the Greek boys is the scout troop which has been started in connection with the Catholic Boys' School of Beitgiala.

Of the Diocesan Seminary at Beitgiala, numbering now 36 students under the charge of the Beuron Benedictines, something will be said in a future article.

(Conclusion next month)

An Essay for Dreamers

JAMES STEPHAN WHITE

ONCE upon a time I had ambition; felt its mad eagerness; sensed its lofty assumptions, its broad pretensions, its noble principles; I knew the thrilling road I had to follow, and realized that from within only could come the stuff that would carry me charging, stumbling, rushing, faltering, along that road—maintaining for me my first impetuosity, and providing, at every bend in the way, a fresh dream for my inspiration. And the ambition was to be a successful writer, that thereby I might satisfy my six great desires.

One of these desires was to take a walking

trip from Sweden to Russia, to Germany, to Austria, to Italy, to Switzerland, to France, and to Spain; passing, as I went, a gorgeous pagentry of towns.

One was to possess first editions of all the great writers whose works have made literary history. One was to own some masterpiece of old Greek statuary; one to have a winter home in New Orleans; one to make a canoe trip from Rainy Lake to Hudson's Bay; and one, loveliest desire, most entrancing, most magnificent, most tremendous desire, was to build with my own hands, a log cabin of proper dimensions, of luxurious interior and picturesque exterior, on a high bluff above a little stream in Wisconsin whose name I would not mention for all the world.

And there I would place my books and my old Greek statue, and there I would bring the maiden, of all maidens met in my wanderings, towards whom I should feel the strongest affinity.

But alas for dreams, on such a fragile, such a delicate foundation are they erected that the slightest wind can bear them over, the slightest dew wash them away. Or so I found, for eventually an astonishing lethargy placed invisible hands on my frame, and I felt myself slipping backward on the trail of my ambition. I had tasted the lotus of an easy life, and was loath to overcome the gloomful inertia. Depressing and harmful though it was, so that it developed within me a slow spirit of discontent—a poisonous spirit that rotted vitality; still it attracted and held a fibre of laziness which I have and which every man has, a fibre that rebels against the sentence of Adam: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread."

And so for months I existed, drifting hither and thither, reading for pleasure, talking for pleasure, loafing for pleasure, and still finding no pleasure; hunting it desperately but vainly, or when I did lay hands on it, watching it disappear within my grasp.

It was a mad pursuit that made me fear for my sanity, I sought pleasure, and failing to find it, began to doubt that true pleasure could exist this side of eternity. I saw others laugh, and tried to discover the source of their happiness, finally concluding that they were nought but blissful fools. I found others enjoying the theatre, but I could not sit through half the performance. I watched them flocking to athletic contests, to dances, to carnivals—I mingled with them, becoming of the throng in flesh; its spirit I could reflect only at intervals.

All was worthless; the ordinary joys of humanity were frivol, individual laughter was

(Continued on page 263)

The Very Cure

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

TO Father Gilbert's dismay the children of one of his families had given up their frequent Communion. Making inquiry into the matter, he found that the mother had kept her little ones from continuing the practice. The priest called upon Mrs. Rittle to learn her motives. "Why, the children are still so full of faults," she said by way of excuse; "they must either not be worthy or they must at least not receive the sacrament properly?—so I thought it better to make them wait."

"Your answer contains more than one flaw. If you demand strict worthiness, neither you, nor I, nor the purest seraph in heaven is worthy. But there is another worthiness which the Church sets down as a sufficient standard. You know that this consists in the state of grace, which of course should be coupled with a right intention. Moreover, if you want to wait till your children are free from all faults they will never be able to receive Holy Communion. However, nothing will bring them so near to a complete freedom from faults and to a state of greater worthiness as Holy Communion itself."

"But, I miss this state in the children, Father. They are not getting any better."

"Can you look into their hearts? Are you so certain that they are not improving with each Communion? But suppose that your objection is true, do you not regard it as a fruit worth while if your children are not becoming worse, if they are preserved from mortal sin? The Church calls Holy Communion an antidote against mortal sin. I may adapt the words of a pious writer to your case. 'To make your children abstain from Holy Communion because of their imperfections and sins is to refuse them the Physician and His medicine just because they need both. To make them abstain because they are not holy is to deprive them of the very means of becoming holy. To make them abstain because they are in sin is practically the same as inducing them to remain in this deplorable condition.' That your notion is wrong is also clear from our Lord's words to St. Ger-

trude. The Saint was praying for a person who on account of a slight fault had omitted Communion. The Savior said: 'When a man who perceives a slight stain on his hand washes it he not only removes the stained spot but makes the whole hand cleaner. So also I often allow souls to fall into little defects so that they may become contrite and by their humility become the more pleasing to Me. But some become stubborn in the face of this favor in so far as they neglect the beauty of their heart, which I demand and direct their attention more to exterior appearance coming under the notice of men. They forget that they slight My grace which they could have obtained by receiving the Blessed Sacrament. This neglect of theirs is due to the fact that they fear men may chide them as not being sufficiently prepared for Holy Communion.' I suspect that you have been taunting the little ones for not showing more manifest fruits of Communion."

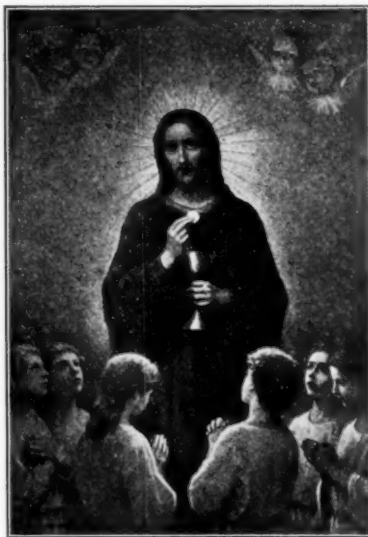
"Yes I have done so quite frequently."

"If a child needs correction for faults, there should be no reference to Holy Communion. Of course it may be told that the more it tries to lay aside its faults the more willingly Jesus will come, or it may be urged to beg Him to

help get rid of its failings. I should like to give you just one incident to prove to you that the correction of faults is sometimes quite manifest in communicants."

"I should appreciate it, Father."

"In 1902 a Protestant girl called at the rectory of one of the Vienne churches. She begged to be admitted into the Church. She was asked as to the motive that prompted her in her present step. 'Well,' she replied, 'my father was a Catholic and my mother belonged to the Evangelical denomination. My brothers followed father's religion and I went with mother. I learned the tenets of my faith well and prayed earnestly, but our Confession and Communion always left me indifferent. My brothers were at times very mischievous and not rarely they played their pranks upon me. But when they returned from Confession and Com-



munion they were so kind and gentle, so happy and joyful that I often thought: Oh what must the Catholic Confession and Communion be if it can change even those rough boys into such meek and cheerful beings: Hence, even as a school girl, I harbored the desire to receive Communion as my brothers in order to become loving and happy."

"Such mere passing changes I have noticed on my children too, Father."

"I see you are beginning to acknowledge the fruits of Communion in your children anyway. If the changes for the better are only of short duration may it not be one more proof that the Communions should be more frequently repeated? Here is a case in which you can certainly not gainsay lasting results. A non-Catholic attended the sisters' school in Hongkong. Owing to incorrigible negligence, she had to be corrected repeatedly. The sisters often tried to reason with her and pointed to the brilliant example of the remaining scholars. 'Yes,' replied the girl, 'if I could receive Communion as my school mates do, I too like them should have the power to resist my evil inclinations.'"

"Don't worry any more, Father, my children will again appear regularly at the Communion railing."

"I am certainly glad to hear this, but what is good for the children is good for the parents as well, for yourself and for your husband."

"Yes, my husband has a fearful temper. At times I can't simply put up with it. I get so nervous under the strain."

"Of course, in this spell you say and do things which you regret later on."

"Well, who could help it?"

"I see, I see," said the priest meditatively, "here are evidently two more subjects that stand in great need of frequent Communion. That bad temper which both of you show is a rather common thing. But Communion is its remedy. A French captain of a boat, Marceau by name, received Communion every day towards the end of his life. The less piously inclined crew disapproved of the practice of their captain. One day he said to them: 'Instead of murmuring you ought to rejoice, for if I did not communicate I should throw you overboard at the least dissatisfaction given me.' The captain evidently saw in Holy Communion the best remedy against his violent passion of anger."

"I really wish that my husband would go to Communion more frequently."

"Well, what about yourself? Your case is, no doubt, one of bad temper too. You of course call it nervousness. Now, whilst jaded nerves demand medical attention, the use of spiritual means to control the passions is often a surer

cure for nervousness than the application of natural remedies. Beside we know that the Divine Physician often arrests ailments that are merely physical. A Tyrolese student acknowledges his gratitude to the Eucharist for relief in such a case of nervousness. He says: 'I had two important tasks to perform. On such occasions I was formerly always excited and despondent so that my nerves suffered much. I pleaded with our Lord in Holy Communion that He might help me and I promised to publish my expression of thanks. Throughout the whole day I remained calm without any nervous excitement and the two tasks succeeded remarkably well, thanks to the Divine Physician. Holy Communion does not make us nervous but gives moral and physical strength.'"

"Father, I will do what I can. I will come with the children, and if I can prevail upon Mr. Rittle to accompany us, I will do so."

Mrs. Rittle kept her word and Mr. Rittle listened to her pleading. He realized that he had a fault even more serious than that which Mrs. Rittle mentioned to Father Gilbert. This failing he should and would correct.

* * * * *

Seven years later a man was hailed by a crowd that was enjoying "moonshine." The new-comer was offered some of the sparkling liquor but he declined. It was known to all that he had been a strong drinker. Being asked how he had ever become immune to these tempting spirits, he looked up to heaven and with tears in his eyes he replied; "I employed no other remedy than prayer and the sacraments. God helped and is still helping me. I might find ever so much 'moonshine' before me, but I should never be tempted to taste it." It was Mr. Rittle. The Holy Eucharist had corrected more than his temper, it took away also his unbridled passion for drink.

The Secret Room

NANCY BUCKLEY

I have a room within my heart
Where all my memories are,
Small honored guests, these little dreams
That come from near and far.

When I am sad I enter in
And meet your loving smile
That made my joy and happiness,
For such a little while.

And in the little room I light
The lamp of deathless love,
And all my sorrow quickly goes,
Like flight of swiftest dove.

The Holy Grail

The twelfth panel of the Edwin A. Abbey frieze decorations in the Boston Public Library shows the departure of Galahad on his white charger.

Come once again to his goal, and this time in the light of the Grail, Galahad has emancipated his suffering fellows who lived with the divine vessel and yet knew it not, nor received the

light that shone from it. Yet the Grail itself is not achieved. Galahad is certain of that end, but still it lies much farther on. So he mounts his white charger and journeys forth upon the Quest for the inexhaustible glories of the Divine. The lifting of the spell from Amfortas and his court has likewise redeemed the entire land from the blight that lay upon it. The Loathely Damsel is once more made whole, restored to beauty and goodness; and peace with plenty abounds among the people. So in the twelfth panel we see Galahad surrounded by the thankful folk as, with banner flying from his lance, he rides away upon his last great adventure. He rides towards the sea upon which he is to fare. High in the background are a town and castle upon a hill. We may fancy that the lady in a lilac gown, kneeling with her back to us in the foreground, is she who was the Loathely Damsel.



Copyright by Edwin A. Abbey; from a Copley Print
Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Publishers, Boston

THE DEPARTURE OF SIR GALAHAD

On the Field of Waterloo

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Sunshine on field and monument from cloudless sky;
Fresh grass and gentle breezes whispering, saying,

"Victor and vanquished now are in eternity,
Each hidden Waterloo of life in joy or sorrow paying."

The Church that Patrick Henry Made Famous

MAUDE GARDNER

THE name of Patrick Henry, once the dominant figure in Virginia politics and the spokesman of that colony, and famous old St. John's Church in Richmond, will always be inseparably linked together for the humble little edifice was made noted throughout the length and breadth of our land by the thrilling words of the eloquent lawyer from Louisa County, Virginia, who on that memorable March 20, 1775, arose from one of its pews and inspired the delegates with words that awakened the world.

It was at the beginning of the War for Independence, when English soldiers were beginning to arrive in Boston with the intention of suppressing the colonists, that the colony of Virginia called a meeting to discuss the matter. The use of the old capitol at Williamsburg was denied the patriots by the king's governor, so the meetings were held in St. John's Church, Richmond, and on the morning of March 20, 1775, there assembled in the new historic edifice a company of men to decide whether they would submit to the tyranny of King George or fight for their rights.

It was to be a momentous decision! How could thirteen, weak, struggling colonies, unequipped, with no money or arms, go to war against one of the greatest nations on earth? Some of the ablest men in Virginia, realizing the greatness of such an undertaking, favored sending other petitions to the king, asking him to withdraw many of the unjust laws he had imposed upon the colonists. Patrick Henry was in favor of Virginia preparing herself for war, and when this was opposed by some members of the assembly, the little lawyer from Louisa rose and exclaimed:

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

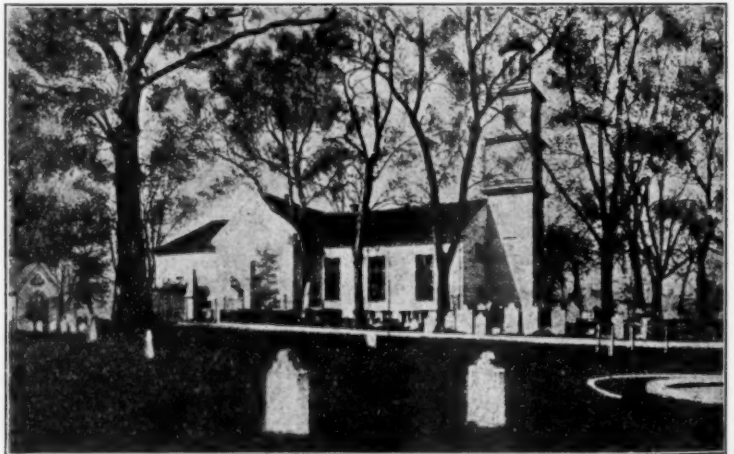
It was one of the most powerful speeches ever made by the great orator, who pointed out the fact that the struggling colonists would not fight their battles alone. "There is a just God," he said, "who

presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave!"

The burning words which fell from Patrick Henry's lips aroused the enthusiasm of the patriots as nothing else had done and soon the work of arming the men of Virginia was pushed forward, and when Washington, the greatest of all Virginians, was taking command of the American Army under the famous elm at Cambridge, Massachusetts, conspicuous in the throng of ardent patriots were Virginia soldiers wearing on their clothing the words "Liberty or Death."

Richmond is an historic city, and has within her precincts many landmarks of intrinsic interest, but no other building appeals quite so much to the stranger or to lovers of American History as the little church which Patrick Henry made famous. The noted edifice stands at East Broad and Twenty-Fifth Streets, and each year thousands of visitors from all parts of our globe go through quaint St. John's Church and are shown the pew where Patrick Henry stood when he made his wonderful plea for a righteous cause. The pew is now marked by a bronze tablet, placed there in 1911 by the State of Virginia, as a tribute of honor to her gifted son's immortal speech.

St. John's Church was first opened for worship on June 10, 1741, and was built under the supervision of Richard Randolph, on land do-



OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

nated by William Byrd. Rev. William Stith was the first pastor, and as this was at a time when Virginia was still loyal to the mother country, when extra furnishings for the church were needed, help was asked from the King of England in procuring these, and as a result King George II sent over a surplice, a Bible, some cushions and a cloth for the reading desk.

There is an old tradition that St. John's Church was built upon the site of an Indian settlement and that it was there that Pocahontas, the brave Indian maiden who saved the life of Capt. John Smith, was baptized under the Christian name of Rebecca when she accepted the white man's religion and married John Rolfe, the English settler.

The large churchyard which surrounds St. John's Church contains many curious tombs

and unique epitaphs, and some distinguished dead lie sleeping here. The oldest tomb is that of Rev. Robert E. Rose, which bears the ancient date of 1751. Elizabeth Arnold Poe, mother of Edgar Allen Poe, the great poetic genius, found her last resting place in St. John's Churchyard, not so far away from the old stone house which has recently been converted into a shrine for the relics of her gifted son.

America has many churches with interesting histories—churches made famous by eminent divines, churches that have weathered the storms of two centuries and more, and buildings around which memories of the past still cling, but in all our country there is scarcely to be found another building more beloved than quiet old St. John's in Richmond, made famous by Patrick Henry's soul-stirring speech.

Padraig Donohue and the White Steed

A Story of Irish Folk Lore as Told by a Sheanachaide*

VINCENT J. DELACEY

AS usual in the long Winter evenings no later than eight o'clock we were all seated comfortably around the cheery bright red turf fire in the Droney's cosy little cottage. Old Liam Droney the eighty year old champion story teller of Kerry, widely known as the "Sheanachaide," sat in his usual corner on his comfortable sogan chair gazing into the bright coals of the fire humming a gentle lullaby for the benefit of the youngest member of his son's sturdy six children, a curly haired little girl of three slumbering peacefully on his lap.

"Sh—sh!" cautioned young Mrs. Droney as she noiselessly lifted the sleeping babe in her arms from the Sheanachaide's lap and proceeded with her into a room where she tucked her in her crib.

"Well Liam," piped up my chum Jim Murray as soon as the little ones were out of hearing, "you must tell us one of your very best tonight. We have a visitor with us, you know, and we want him to see what they miss down in Lisskeel."

Patsy Reen, Jim Murray's cousin from the distant town of Lisskeel, Co. Cork, had often heard tell of the Sheanachaide and was most eager to hear him relate one of his many tales of Irish legends and folk lore. This was his first visit to our charming little village in the midst of the Kerry mountains and he was de-

termined to hear as well as see everything that cousin Jim boasted about in his letters.

"Begor, young man," said the Sheanachaide looking in the direction of the visitor, "since you came from Lisskeel I'll be telling ye no lies at all at all. Sure 'tis meself that spent many happy days in the town, so it is; and faith I'll be telling ye a story that for certain happened near there onct. 'Tis well I remember it."

Whether the Sheanachaide was bent on telling us a true one or not we did not know, nor did we care, for, truth or fiction, it was sure to be out of the ordinary with him telling it, and he had such a convincing and captivating way of telling it too.

"Well, nigh on forty years ago," he began, "there lived in the village of Oun More not far north of Lisskeel a certain gentleman known far and wide for his generosity towards the poor as 'Hospitable' Padraig Donohue.

"Through very extraordinary circumstances poor Padraig fell into misfortune of the worst kind that nearly ruined his life and that of his family; and throtho to tell it was the pity, for he had for a wife one of the finest women in the county, hospitable and generous like himself, and God had blessed them with four of the grandest children you ever laid eyes on.

"It was on the day that his horse 'White Star' (so called because of her white forehead the only speck of white in her jet black body) carried off the first honors at the Youghal races. Padraig was so overjoyed with his success that the 'good fellows,' as the good-for-nothing

* The word Sheanachaide means "one well versed in the art of story telling."

gambling gentry called themselves, had no trouble in inducing him to imbibe of the cup that cheers and for the first time in his life Padraig, who had always faithfully kept the pledge that he took when confirmed, got hopelessly under the influence; and so bad was he that when he awoke next morning he had nothing but half a crown in his pocket and divil a trace was left of the blackguards he fell in with the day before.

"'Twas with a heavy heart that Padraig arrived home, and begor it's the big surprise he gave his friends when he made straight away for McCabe's public house and started to drown his sorrow in the very thing that brought sorrow on him.

"Begor, things went from bad to worse with the approach of each new day as he continued his drinking. The poor wife and children began to feel the weight of poverty as the bread money was being squandered by Padraig; and the house of 'Hospitable' Donohue that once echoed with the merry laughter of happy children, and spelled hope and comfort for the poor and the sick, now brought tears from the eyes of the good neighbors whom the misfortune grieved as much as it did the poor family. Many an effort and sacrifice did the poor kind-hearted people make to bring sunshine into the little children's lives but it was to no avail. To bring Padraig back to his senses was the only remedy.

"Now, bedad, one day as Mrs. Donohue was trying to get a meal together for the little children who were crying their eyes out—for they knew something was wrong—in walked two of the lads from the neighboring village of Castle: Jimmie O'Hara, the boy who made his living riding the race horses, and his inseparable chum, Sean Barry, whose father owned the finest stable in all of Munster. And throth to tell they were the two biggest mischief makers that ever wore a pair of shoes. And faith its on their faces were smiles as radiant as the sun as they greeted Mrs. Donohue with a 'God save all here.'

"Sure now a smile itself is one of God's greatest gifts. It's the Irishman's sunshine in sorrow and grief and the Almighty was unusually generous when he bestowed it on my two mischief making boranachs (rogues). Sure they were not in the house five minutes when Mollie and Kitty and Jimmie and Patsy were beginning to take to smiling themselves and, praise be to God, didn't they make Mrs. Donohue forget her troubles entirely, and hadn't they with them playthings and dainties galore for the children. What gift had they at all at all?

"'Mrs. Donohue,' said my care-free Sean Barry, 'tis tomorrow you will be the happy woman, happier than you ever were before.'

"'Wisha acushla mo cruidhe,' (pulse of my heart) answered the poor woman, 'ye have brought me more joy this day than I had in all of the six months past.'

"'That's good, my good woman,' he answered; 'and from now on we want you to forget your troubles for all and all and begin this minute. Tonight we will be teaching your Padraig a lesson he won't be forgetting very soon. Jimmie here is going to ride 'White Star' at the Limerick races this coming week, and take it from a good judge like my father, 'White Star' has a good chance to carry the day.'

"'But what sort of a lesson will ye be afther giving my Padraig?' asked Mrs. Donohue of them.

"'Oh never fear for him,' answered the smooth-tongued smiling Sean. 'Don't wait up for him tonight at all at all. Be sure you shut every door an' window in the house, an' if he isn't home early, leave him out till morning. And now,' says he, 'here is two pounds I'm lendin' ye till afther the races,' and he handed her two one pound notes.

"So smooth did the boranach Barry deliver his blarney that he got Mrs. Donohue to faithfully promise to do as he said. He knew that once she made a promise she would not break it under any circumstances, so good was her word; and wishing the good woman slainte maith (good health), they departed as they had come; the same smile of promise adornin' their handsome faces.

"Well, begor, that very night Padraig Donohue afther drinking his fill in the public houses of Bally Beg, climbed into his cart and turned his horse towards home. Being an old slow-moving animal, the horse made a poor excuse at fast traveling. There was one good thing about him, however, and Padraig knew it: The old quadruped knew the road like a human, and was sure to reach home in all kinds of weather barrin' none. With this assurance in mind, Padraig lay back in the cart, givin' the old nag free rein, and went off to sleep for himself.

"Begor, that was well and good; and what do you think but Padraig was awakened out of his sound slumber by a douse of ice cold water that struck him full in the face.

"When the poor man opened his eyes he couldn't tell where he was or what had come over him. It was so dark that he might as well be without eyes for all he could see. He tried to rise and as he did so he hit his head hard against a high stone that stood horizontally out of the ground, givin' himself great pain.

"Bedad, he decided to strike a light to see where he was; and the reason for him being

there was not quite clear to him either. He reached his hand towards his vest pocket for to get a match, and lo and behold ye, his vest was not on him; nor was his coat, nor his hat.

"Now what the devil has happened to me at all at all?" he asked himself, trying to remember where he was last; and when his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he noticed small grey headstones sticking out of the ground all around him. Faith it was then that the fear took hold of him, for it then occurred to him that he was lying among the graves in the old dark lonesome Liss-na-Cnocan (Fort of the Mounds), an old graveyard of Cromwellian days that was three miles from the nearest house. How he came to be there he didn't know, and anyhow, begor, this was not the time for guesswork. Jumpin' to his feet he started to run and he didn't go four feet when he struck his foot against a headstone and he was thrown headlong on the ground, and when he felt of his paining foot he found it had no shoe on it. Then he felt of his other foot and begor the upper of the shoe was there but no sole was there on it. He started to get up again to make a run for it at all cost when to his ears came the sound of his cart near by, like it was moving toward him.

"If he could get near the old nag he would have fear of nothing and begor he called to him.

"Tom, Tom, boy, come here," but instead of his old beloved horse, didn't a beautiful milk-white steed appear before him and rise on his hind legs like the statue of a warrior's steed and begin prancing around amongst the grave-stones, doing a kind of a dance.

"Poor Padraig could stand no more, and letting out a shout he started to run for dear life like a hare before a hound. The milk-white steed galloped after him till he was a mile near home and then turned back letting out a loud neigh that made Padraig think it was laughing at him she was.

"When he reached his house, he was barely able to stand so tired was he from the longest and fastest run he had ever taken; and he was so frightened that he didn't know what he was doing. He tried to open the door but it would not yield. He kicked it with his bare foot but all to no purpose, and, giving up hopes, he rushed back into the stable and fell against the old nag who stopped his chewing a while and whinnied softly to him.

"The presence of the old friend brought courage to Padraig; and tired out after his race he laid himself on a bed of hay and wondered over the happenings of the night.

"Padraig was by no means a superstitious

man, but things happened so quick he could not stand it. First, it was a douse of cold water in the face, then, when he should be in his cart, he wakes up in Liss-na-Cnocan with his shoes, hat, coat and vest gone, and a white steed prancing about the graveyard.

"Faith and sure, no man could stand it, at all at all, and now, begor, wasn't the old nag safe at home eating hay for himself.

"Padraig didn't get much sleep that night, and a worn man he was when he got up the next morning.

"Now, bedad, it was shame he had on his face when he walked into his good wife. The first thing he did was to go on his knees before her an', beggin' her forgiveness for him neglecting her, he resolved there an' then that never again would a glass of whiskey run down his throat.

"Lyin' on the table were his coat, hat, vest, and shoes that he had on him the night before. He looked at them in a sorrowful, wonderin' kind of way, but devil a word could he say.

"Thinkin' of what the two mischief-makers had said the day before, Mrs. Donohue knew that they had fixed Padraig as they said they would do, and although she longed to tell him of it; 'her promise she must keep.'

"Padraig agra (my love), she said to him, givin' him a nice hot cup of tea, 'tis the fright of me life I am afther gettin'. Didn't some wild man come and almost break the house down last night, an' me not knowin' but it's yourself that might be afther gettin' killed or havin' some bad misfortune or somethin'.

"Never again will you be alone of a night, acushla," he answered. 'It's my eyes that are opened.' And after finishing his breakfast he up and told her the story of his misfortune.

"Sure, now, it must have been the bad people was playin' tricks on you," she told him, but he said nothing. He fell to thinking of the handsome milk-white steed; and bedad he was soon scolding himself for being a fool and letting her get away. There was nothing Padraig liked better outside of a human being than a horse, even if it was a haunted one.

"Well, bedad, to make a long story short, the young jockey, Jimmie O'Hara, rode 'White Star' at the Limerick races for Padraig and won over the best horses from the Curragh district. Two hundred and fifty pounds was the nice lump of a fortune Padraig got for it and, bedad, 'White Star' was entered at once for the biggest race of the year in England the coming month.

"This time, faith, Padraig contented himself with lemonade and very little of that, for he was thinking of the good wife and the four

curly-haired children who were praying for him at home. He was thinking, too, of the mauling he got at Liss-na-Cnocan the last night he got under the influence.

"Once again, begor, the cheerful, merry laughter of happy children rang through the halls and chambers of the home of 'Hospitable' Donohue and the veil of sorrow was lifted from the good mother's heart.

"Now one fine evening about a week after the races as Padraig and Mrs. Donohue were watching the fiery sun setting behind the hills of Castle, who rode up to the door but the smiling Jimmie O'Hara, astride a dark grey Irish Cob, followed by Sean Barry, riding a snow-white lively little mare. Pulling up in front of Padraig didn't the white horse rise on his hind legs. She jumped and pawed, and pranced, and danced, and then bedad, didn't she bend on her two knees like the steed of a king, while Mr. Barry stepped off her back to the ground, and then she stood up and crossed her front legs and rested just like a human being.

"Faith, there and then, didn't Padraig prove that he could take a joke. Making off, he had lost his temper, he made a run for the smiling boranachs or 'debonaire gents,' (as the new schoolmaster would call 'em). He caught them by the collars of their coats and gave them a fine lively trouncing; and then, begor, when

he thought they had enough of it, didn't he shake the hand of each of them.

"I had my suspicions, my buckoes,' he said. 'Ye did the right thing and in the right way: Ye opened my eyes for me so ye did, and I'll not be forgetting it, but ye nearly were the death of me.'

"Sean Barry then up and told him the story how they layed for him at the old Liss, took him out of his cart and whilst he was sleeping off his whiskey in the old graveyard, they took home the old nag and Padraig's coat, hat, vest, and shoes, leavin' the cart near the Liss, and then they went back and turned the trick, with the white steed, a trick circus pony that Sean's father had bought two weeks before. Well, the boranachs knew that the white steed would put the crowning fear in Padraig's heart, and that the cutting off of the sole of one shoe and taking his coat would give him a nice surprise.

"Now, my good friends," finished the 'Sheanachaide,' "ye have heard the story of Padraig Donohue and the White Steed. Not so good maybe as you'd read it in a book, for it's myself has but little education.

"Get on your knees now and say the rosary with us before ye go home. Tomorrow is 'Fair' day and we must be up with the dawn: and we all joined in the "prayer of prayers" which the Sheanachaide recited in his fervent and entrancing way."

The Ideal System---A Plea for an United Christianity]

MRS. J. T. WHIPPLE

IN business, in industry, the great secret of success, progress, of ability to reach the highest development and the greatest output at a minimum expenditure of energy, time, and money, is a perfect working system based on sound principles. In fact, any co-operative institution of human society, working for beneficial interest, must operate through methodical use of proven principles in order to attain its end.

The first and greatest business in the world, and the one that will have the most lasting and far reaching results, the one that time sets no limit for, is the business of saving immortal souls. To start this business and put it on a permanent working basis was the object of Christ's coming into the world. "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke 2:49.)

The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity took human nature in the form of the body and soul of a Jewish man. May we here (not irreverently) say that a part of the perfection of

His work was due to the natural sagacity and business acumen which was undoubtedly possessed by Our Lord as one of the blood especially gifted in this manner? "But glory and honor and peace to everyone that worketh good, to the Jew first--and tribulations and anguish upon every soul that worketh evil, of the Jew first." (Rom 2:10.) At any rate we know for a certainty that all the powers and attributes emanating from Christ's Divine Nature, with the most perfect and gifted Jewish human nature added, ever used in performing the work for which He was expressly sent into the world by His Heavenly Father. "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." (Matt, 28:18.) "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." (John 17:4.)

Christ's business was the organizing of humanity into a great institution for the perfecting of society and the saving of the immortal souls of all creatures. Do we think, equipped as He was, that He would have been unsystematical, that he would have reared a structure on

faulty principles, that there could be found one slight flaw anywhere in His wonderfully conceived plan? No! He was true God and perfect man, therefore His work is founded on the most ideal system known to mankind. His system is the basis of all systems. It rests on the mighty ground work of God's Word—Truth.

Christ, the world's greatest organizer, founded a system of religion. He came to deliver the Divine plan of human salvation. With His blood He ransomed the race lost through Adam and left a definite doctrine comprising all the sacred truths and commandments which He had taught and which doctrine lived up to would apply to every soul the saving effects of His sacrifice, and which doctrine all men are to be judged by—"In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my Gospel." (Rom. 2:16.)

Multitudes were to live and die between the time of the Lord's Ascension and His second coming in power. The bounds of the civilized world known in His day were to be widened to the farthest ends of the earth. His system, to be a success, must be one that would subsist in all ages, teach all nations, and maintain all truth. To illustrate the perfect functioning power of Christ's religion, St. Paul compares it to a living human body: "For as the body is one, and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet one body, so also is Christ." (1 Cor. 12:12.)

Now, who could conceive of a functioning body without a head. The head is the governing part of the body and it is upon the perfection and clearness of the directing head that the entire body depends for its perfect co-ordination and resultant activity. Would Christ, the Great Organizer, the Master of system, select the members of a body and leave off the head? No. Scripture shows that, in organizing the teachers of His doctrine who were to constitute the major parts of this great body to whom every human soul could become attached as a member, He took great care in the selection of a head.

"Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church." (Matt. 16:18.)

"Simon, Simon, . . . I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not . . . confirm thy brethren." (Luke 22:31,32.)

"To thee I give the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven," etc. (Matt. 16:19, and Isa. 22:22.)

"Feed my lambs. . . Feed my sheep." (John 21:15,17.)

This body, being a visible body in which would be found perfect unity of faith and practice, must have a visible head. Christ was to

ascend on high. Through His Resurrection He was transferred to a higher plane and no longer would play a visible part in the directing of the great institution He had founded. So He transferred His authority to man.

To Christ's teaching organization, the body of pastors, united with their visible head, were these words of Holy Writ addressed. "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you," (John 20:21,) i. e., invested with the same authority: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," (Mark 16:15); "He that heareth you heareth me," (Luke 10:16); "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be condemned." (Mark 16:16.) This is Christ's great system for the passing on of Christian truth to all ages and all peoples preserving it from every taint of error. "That we be no more carried about with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men." (Eph. 4:14.)

This is Christ's body, composed by many members spread over all nations, differing in language, laws, customs, and politics, governed by a Divinely guided teaching authority. This system achieves a triple unity which is the despair of all human imitators, a world-wide unity in faith, worship, and government. This unity of faith is the basis of true morals and the foundation on which all systems of society must rest to attain to perfection. This is the unity which true Christianity must present to the world if it is to fulfil its mission of saving the race, for this system was given for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of the body of Christ: Until we all meet into the unity of faith. (Eph. 4:12,13.) "One body and one Spirit; as you are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." (Eph. 4:4,5.) This is the unity for which Christ prayed and which was to prove his mission: "Father, I pray that they all may be one. . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (Jno. 17:21.)

If Christianity today is not united in one body as Christ manifestly intended it should be, someone has tampered with the system, someone has crippled the body of Christ.

Had Christianity remained the one, solid, invincible force, backed by the Almighty, which it was instituted to be, we should be leagues ahead in the way of economic, political, and social perfection today instead of retrogressing to barbarism.

In these days of truth searching, fact facing, we must with untiring diligence investigate all the doctrines professed by Christianity, apply the test of truth and reject all that is not of truth.

Impartial historical research must discover to us Christ's ideal system linked with every age of the past until the chain, unbroken, reaches back to the day when, possessed of "all truth" and safeguarded by the Holy Spirit, the first band of Christian teachers set forth to preach the Gospel to every creature — "and behold I am with you *all days*, even to the end of the world." (Matt. 28:19:20.)

Preparation of Children for School

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

IT is safe to say that all parents are deeply interested in the welfare of their children, both in and out of school. It seems fitting, therefore, that a few suggestions be made to all parents and particularly those whose children are about to enter school. As a result of numerous surveys, it has been determined that the child's progress in school is dependent on the proper functioning of all his senses and particularly on his general state of health. The backward child is very often found to have one or more remediable defects which impede both his mental and physical development. It must be remembered that the child takes his body as well as his mind to school, and the proper functioning of the mind is in direct proportion to the well-being of the body.

The clothing, books, and other equipment which are necessary for a child's admission to school are not nearly so important as a thorough inventory of the child's physical and mental equipment. The common physical defects found in children include diseased tonsils and adenoids, defective vision, decayed teeth, impaired hearing, malnutrition, flat feet, and enlarged thyroid glands (goitre). These defects should all be corrected before the child enters school so that he will not be handicapped in his school work.

The best treatment for diseased tonsils and adenoids is removal. The eyes should be examined by an oculist and glasses provided if they are found necessary. The teeth should be examined and cared for by a dentist. The ears should be examined and the hearing tested. The child should be weighed and measured and a comparison made with the average normal weight for his height and age. If found to be malnourished, a nutrition program should be undertaken. This should include proper supervision of the child's health habits and correction of all defects. Flat feet should be corrected by proper orthopedic measures and the shoes of all children should properly fit the feet.

Enlarged thyroid gland or goitre is caused in most instances by a lack of iodine in the

water and food. This enlargement usually develops between the ages of ten and thirteen, and can be prevented in most cases by the administration of a minute dose of iodine each week during the school year. If goitre has developed, appropriate treatment should be given, as it is more easily cured during the early years of life.

School children are more apt to contract contagious diseases because of their close association. This is another reason why the school child should be physically fit, and thereby less susceptible to disease. Medical science has demonstrated that smallpox and diphtheria are absolutely preventable, and every child should be protected against these diseases before school begins. In the case of smallpox, this is accomplished by vaccination, and in diphtheria, toxin-antitoxin is given.

It has been found that approximately one-third of Indianapolis school children are subjects of malnutrition and this percentage is about the average found in other large cities. Most authorities agree that a child 7 per cent or more underweight for height is malnourished. This malnutrition is usually found associated with some remediable defects and it is generally impossible for the child to gain normally until the defects are corrected. These malnourished and physically defective school children undoubtedly correspond to the rejected men at the time of the World War. The same percentage (one-third) of all men examined in the draft were rejected because they were physically unfit.

A large percentage of this huge body of men would have been found physically fit if they had been properly attended to in their childhood. A thorough annual physical examination has become the custom of many parents and it is even more important that they adopt the same procedure for their children.

Better Homes---A Stronger Nation

A. V. H.

The strength or greatness of a nation depends upon the home life of its citizens. How the family life is conducted is of much greater importance than the occupation of our citizens. Unless the average man possesses honesty, courage, common sense, and decency, he can achieve no success that is worth while. And unless the average woman is a good wife, a good mother, and is willing to perform the greatest duty of womanhood, the family life will be below the high standard of excellence necessary to make a sound and lasting foundation for good citizenship.

The duty of the husband is that of home-maker and breadwinner, and the duty of the woman is that of helpmate, housewife or home-keeper, and mother.

The destiny of the generations to come rests in the hands of woman. It is from her that the young and plastic minds receive the first impressions of right and wrong. It is she who guides the little feet in the right channels, or unfortunately allows them to drift into forbidden paths.

True mothers and fathers teach their boys and girls that their lives will be beset with difficulties and that they must learn while very young to meet and conquer these difficulties before they may hope to attain to the heights of success, or indeed attain success in any degree. The co-operation of parents is needed to make the lives of the children grow in strength and beauty day by day. One parent alone cannot accomplish this gigantic task. From the mother, the child learns gentleness, sweetness, refinement, docility, amiability; from the father, strength, courage, bravery, nobility. True it is that both parents, in the ideal home, possess all of these qualities to a greater or less degree, but in the one, certain attributes are more pronounced than in the other.

One of the greatest evils which threatens us as a nation today is the practice that is becoming alarmingly common, that of race-suicide. Women are prompted by selfishness, ignorance, poverty, and other motives, to deny themselves the greatest blessing possible for a woman to enjoy, that of motherhood. The existence of this type of woman is one of the most unwholesome and unpleasant features of our modern life. So long as this practice continues at the alarming rate it is now spreading, the nation is in danger. The foundation is beginning to crumble.

Another evil which threatens to destroy, or at least to undermine, the national strength is the divorce evil. Young people are reared with the idea in mind that marriage is a sort of lottery; that it may be entered into on trial or probation and, if it prove unsatisfactory, it may be cast aside as undesirable and another attempt made.

When race-suicide and divorce are held up as the ideals for the American home, morality is at a low ebb. The individual who seeks a life of effortless ease and of self-indulgence, to one of duty well performed, leads a life both vapid and ignoble. No man or woman worthy of the name can care for a life spent in avoiding risk, trouble, and labor. The life worth living must be one of unselfish service. "Labor is life, 'tis the still water faileth."

Again I repeat that the strength of the nation lies in the homes of its citizens. Citizens worthy of the name cannot be produced in homes divided against themselves, nor in homes seeking to shirk the burden of responsibility which rests upon them.

The way to make good, dependable, strong-minded citizens is to begin at the foundation by making better homes and training the youth in lessons of duty, love, obedience, and unselfish service.

An Essay for Dreamers

(Continued from page 252)

froth. Within me was only a terrible unrest—terrible, unceasing. I was being hounded, and I fled.

But one cannot flee forever from a universal truth, and so the clouds to which I had climbed, and which had borne me along, the while I searched frantically for a landmark, parted, and I was dropped to earth. The crash was inevitable. It had come; but it had not destroyed me. I began to take my bearings. And there, wonder of wonders, was stretched before me, clear as ever, the old trail, the long trail, the trail of my ambition. Beautiful miracle, sublime phenomenon, it was on that hard road that I found happiness. Not in the ideal of the loafer, not in the maxims of Epicurus, not in the life of "dreamful ease," had I found it, but in the grim struggle, in the dark combat.

And now, if there is anything that can be taken away from this confession of mine, it is this: the path of leisure is a damnable path! Fix before you the image of your ambition, the picture of your desire, and then work toward it unflinchingly, though it be a walking trip through Spain or a canoe trip to Hudson's Bay; though it be the possession of ancient books, statuary, or a winter home in New Orleans; though it be the building, with your own hands, of a log cabin of proper dimensions, luxurious interior and picturesque exterior, high on the bluff above a little stream in Wisconsin, there to draw to your side the personification of poesy—the rosebud of Oregon, the violet of Michigan, or the daisy of Maryland.

For let me tell you that the law that came out of Eden is no punishment, but a blessing!

Holiest Jesus! loving Savior! I give Thee my heart.

Who made this beating Heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then but Thee,
And let it be Thy nest.—Faber.

ASIDE from the great importance of the recent Regional Eucharistic Convention at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, September 10 and 11, as initiating the work of preparation for the Chicago International Eucharistic Congress in 1926; and aside from its splendid program and distinguished personnel, the event had a singular significance in the appropriateness of the place itself, by reason of the striking Eucharistic history of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, which forms another chapter in the world-book of the Holy Grail.

As of old God commanded certain places to be consecrated to His worship, so He manifestly chose this spot to be devoted to His honor and glory. In this sense the poet wrote of St. Mary-of-the-Woods:

"Tis hallowed ground:

Here at these rocky shrines long years ago,
The wild Red-Man his humble homage paid
To the Great Spirit; here for centuries
God's holy angels faithfully have watched
With flaming sword, and kept inviolate
The virgin forest, destined to surround
A holy convent, where unto their God
From hearts unsullied by the sinful world,
Sweet, consecrated psalms should evermore arise;
Where love should dwell, and God's sweet providence
Should hallow all the land."

When in 1840, Mother Theodore Guerin and her five companions arrived here from France to help with the work of education in Indiana, they found but a wild and desolate forest. Mother Theodore knelt, kissed the ground, and named the place Sainte Marie-des-Bois, Saint Mary-of-the-Woods. There was no habitation in sight. Walking a short distance, they perceived through the trees a farmhouse, the only human dwelling within miles, save the small long hut which the saintly missionary priest used as chapel and lodge. It is a significant fact that the Sisters found the Blessed Sacrament in this rude chapel in the midst of the forest, an evident sign to them that God wished to be honored in this place in His Eucharistic Presence. Upon undertaking the mission, Mother Theodore Guerin had named but one condition,—that the Sisters have daily Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament reserved in their chapel. Saint Mary-of-the-Woods and the Holy Eucharist! In these two names one has the key to the history of development of special devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin.

One of the most memorable of the early days of St. Mary's was that one in 1841 when Sister St. Francis Xavier, (Irma le Fer de la Motte), arrived from Europe. This Sister,

Saint Mary - of the the Holy

BY A SISTER OF PROVIDENCE

known as the Seraph of the Tabernacle, had been permitted to consecrate herself by special vow to the Most Blessed Sacrament. To her parents, she wrote after making her profession:

Sunday morning I said the eternal and beautiful word, 'I am Thine forever,' for God whose mercy is without bounds, has allowed me to take my perpetual vows. What more shall I say? I have been permitted to give myself to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. I have always desired to belong in a special manner to Him in this Sacrament of His love, and He deigns to grant my request. Oh, how good, how generous He is! What will He be in Heaven, when on earth even He gives so many proofs of His goodness! We must expect Him to treat us now, as St. Francis de Sales says, as true religious. . . . I must become a Francis Xavier and must live only for sacrifices, interior mortification and self-denial, otherwise I shall be unworthy of my vocation.

The influence of Sister St. Francis Xavier to the Blessed Sacrament will be revealed only in Eternity. As first mistress of novices of the Sisters of Providence she inculcated its practice in the very heart of the community. It was written of her after her death:

She was one of the early, hidden flowers of Jesus Hostia, developing in the far-off solitude of the New World, the present widespread cultus of the Eucharist, her comparatively short life being stamped with the seal of the Blessed Sacrament."



Guerin Hall

Auditorium

Academy

SAINT MARY OF THE WOODS

of the Woods and Eucharist

SISTER PROVIDENCE

FIRST DEVOTION OF THE FORTY HOURS IN THE UNITED STATES

In mentioning but a few of the events in the Eucharistic chronicle of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, the Founder's diary may be quoted as recording the Devotion of the Forty-Hours, held there for the first time in the United States. (Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia, did not introduce this devotion before 1852.) The entry reads:

Feb. 15 (1843). Monsignor (de la Hailandiere) grants us permission to have the Forty Hours.

March 5 (1843). First Sunday of Lent. The Blessed Sacrament is exposed in our Chapel. Likewise on the two following days. Every evening we have Benediction. The succeeding years we shall have the same favor of the three days preceding Lent. (Order of the Msgr.)

Until the present time this custom has continued at St. Mary-of-the-Woods.

The devotion of the Holy Hour was early a favorite form of prayer with the Sisterhood. Later was formed the Privileged Choir of Sisters, who spent appointed hours of prayer in the Chapel. Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament on the First Fridays and First Sundays was a further favor granted the Community. In 1897 the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was established. This devotion consisted of a program of prayers throughout the day and night; during the day, groups of Sisters relieving one another by hours; those whose lives were given to this tryst of love, keeping the vigil throughout the night.

In 1913, to promote still further devotion to

the Most Blessed Sacrament, the Reverend Mother Mary Cleophas, Superior General of the Sisters of Providence, encouraged by Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, then Bishop of Indianapolis, in private audience with Pope Pius X, requested the privilege of Perpetual Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. This favor the Pontiff of holy memory graciously granted with the admonition: "Yes, and tell the Sisters they shall pray for the Pope, the Church, and the whole world." Accordingly, June 10, 1914, Perpetual Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament was solemnly inaugurated in a temporary chapel in the crypt of the Conventual Church. Since then the Blessed Sacrament has remained constantly exposed, day and night, the Sisters maintaining perpetual adoration and praying according to the direction of the Holy Father.

Another development of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, with the imprimatur and 8, 1921, of the Association of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, with the imprimatur and under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis. This is an association of those who offer themselves to pray and suffer for the extension of the reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, especially through the ministry of the hierarchy and priests. The patrons of the association are Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Queen of the Hierarchy and Clergy, and St. Michael.

CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CHAPEL OF PERPETUAL ADORATION

On May 19, 1924, the permanent Adoration Chapel was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand, who is widely known as the "Bishop of the Blessed Sacrament." The new chapel is a triumph of architectural and sculptural art, a beautiful expression of love and of faith in the Holy Eucharist. Though small, it is in exquisite proportions, a gem in the Italian Renaissance style. Every detail of the glorified place is wrought with a beauty in accordance with the desires of those who wished to offer to the Eucharistic God a dwelling place worthy as love and genius could produce.

On entering the chapel, the first impression is that of majestic harmony, repose, and peace. The stately baldachino altar of precious marbles, shading from the dark verde antico at the base into the snow-white Carrara of the crown and cross, rises like a stately throne high into the dome of the apse. Above the tabernacle of the altar, in the white marble exposition formed of a group of four angels, rests the monstrance. And pervading the chapel the soft light from

(Continued on page 277)



Conventual Church

Providence Convent

T MARY-OF-THE-WOODS

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—The biggest magnetic iron deposits in the world have been discovered in Russia midway between Moscow and the Crimea. They are 150 miles long with a width at times of ten to twenty miles.

—The moth, when consuming cloth, moves his jaws laterally, not up and down, as with the human being. A simple method of dealing with him is to expose him to changes of temperature so that he will take pneumonia and die. The moth must be exposed to a temperature of 18 degrees Fahrenheit for several days, then suddenly to a temperature of 50 degrees for a short time, then again to 18 degrees, and finally to a permanent temperature of about 40 degrees. Another method is to use the fumes of carbon disulphide. The difficulty in this latter method is in securing a proper air tight container for holding the infested clothes, and for retaining the carbon disulphide fumes.

—Tetrahydroparamethoxyquinoline is a modest chemical name that now lays claim to being the longest name in the English language. This is according to the *Literary Digest*. The writer of these notes finds the following name in a catalog for chemicals, but whether it be English may be disputed: Benzoyltetramethyldiaminoethylisopropylalcohol Hydrochloride, called in short, Alypin.

—What is the cash worth of a wife? An agricultural paper put the query to its readers. The general opinion expressed in the answers seems to be that the woman who cuts the kindling and serves at the stoves is worth all her husband can pay her, but that her share in the income should be in the terms of joint partnership, and not in 'wages' grudgingly paid. One woman estimated her worth from a lifetime of cleaning house, canning, cooking etc., at totalling \$115,485.50.

—The light gas hydrogen, when highly compressed in cylinders, has a bursting power far out of proportion to its pressure. It may also be compressed into less than half the space that the same amount of gas would occupy when liquefied by cold and pressure.

—At Lourdes there is a Medical Bureau for examining the patients and the history of their cases. The Bureau has a permanent staff of five doctors with a laboratory and X-ray department at their disposal. This staff is assisted by all doctors of any creed or nationality visiting Lourdes. In 1905, 346 doctors signed public declarations to the effect that "a great number of cases considered hopeless have been cured at Lourdes by some action of which science is ignorant and which cannot be rationally explained by the laws of nature."

—A new miracle mineral—quartz! Quartz looks like glass, occurs in great quantities, but up to the present it could not be melted in quantities. The electric furnace now makes this possible, though the cost is rather great. Three properties make quartz very valuable:—its transparency, its insulating property, and its low

rate of expansion when heated. Take the last quality first. Imagine a thin tube, looking like glass, but of quartz, heated to nearly 4000 degrees Fahrenheit, then plunged suddenly into cold water, and coming up smilingly without a crack! Glass breaks because it expands and contracts with heat and cold, and does not transmit the heat and expansion throughout the entire vessel. Quartz is transparent not only to ordinary light waves, but also to the ultra-violet rays, a very beneficial agent for killing germs. The ordinary windowpane keeps out the ultra-violet rays of the sun. No doubt the hospitals of the future will have quartz windows. An astonishing effect of this transparency is shown in the accompanying illustration. One end of the quartz is in the oxygen flame. The light, instead of passing directly through, is reflected along the insides of the rod, and follows the curve! The light is apparently taking a curved line. A mere flicker of a burning match will be sent through a tube twenty feet long. The heat rays are transmitted in much the same way. The illustration shows the rod held at the centre in a very hot flame. But if you grasp the upper end, you will receive a handsome burn from the heat transmitted along the rod. The application soonest to be expected is the use of quartz in special lenses for optical instruments. The insulating quality has led a leading automotive engineer to suggest a quartz plug so as to see the sparks through the plug in the automobile.



Courtesy of the Scientific American

CURVED LIGHT IN HEATED QUARTZ ROD

—Old automobile tires promise a new street paving material. Reclaimed rubber furnished a great part of the material in rubber blocks placed on a bridge in Boston. Though the new paving material costs three times as much as ordinary material, it is said to last ten times as long.

—Houdini, the "Magician," can so mystify people by his magic art that some eminent believers in spiritism declare Houdini himself to be a medium. Houdini, who certainly knows himself better, maintains that all his work is merely natural. He goes even further by stating that the work of professional mediums is merely natural. In his book: "A Magician among the Spiritists," he declares, after years of careful investigation, he can find no evidence that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living, or that the manifestations produced at spiritistic séances are attributable to other than natural causes. He states most emphatically that he has never seen or heard any feat performed by a medium which could not be produced by a competent professional magician, provided he be allowed to work under the same conditions as those insisted upon by the medium.

—The Abrams Electronic Reactions and Electronic Medicine have been tried and found wanting. Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco, recently deceased, maintained that electrons, and not cells, were the foundation of life. These electrons, according to him, were the foundation of good health or ill health. Even a drop of blood should furnish electrons, which, when sorted or tuned after the fashion of a radio receiver, would furnish a true picture of the state of health of the individual. Electronic treatments were also devised. The *Scientific American* appointed a committee of experts to investigate the new theory. Its verdict is as follows: "This committee finds that the claims advanced on behalf of the Electronic Reactions of Abrams, and of electronic practice in general, are not substantiated; and it is our belief that they have not the basis of fact. In our opinion the so-called electronic reactions do not occur, and the so-called electronic treatments are without value."

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—In the solution of difficult problems perspiration is the best solvent.

—Wanted: A grass that will grow one inch high and stay there.

—It is said that the automobile of the future will weigh only 100 pounds. This will give the pedestrian a chance.

—An airplane is very good for circling the globe,—if you have plenty of time.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—The Holy Father has conferred a very special favor on the Jesuits by granting to their churches the privilege of the "toties quoties" indulgence on the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31st. The faithful may, according-

ly, gain a plenary indulgence "as often as" they visit a Jesuit church from noon on July 30th to midnight of the following day. Confession, Communion, and prayers for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff are likewise required.

—A conscientious Hebrew grocer kept at least one Catholic family from eating meat on the day of fast and abstinence that precedes the Assumption. A little girl was sent to the store to purchase meat. The grocer told her that as she was Catholic he could not sell her meat on a fast day. The child's mother, who had forgot about the fast day, was grateful for the reminder.

—A Catholic high school was opened this fall at St. Louis for colored pupils.

—A "Catholic Information Bureau" has just been incorporated at Indianapolis. The Bureau will "collect, compile, file and reserve Catholic information and bibliography." It will also "establish a news bureau for the collection of Catholic news, and the dissemination of the same through newspapers, and other appropriate agencies." The organization "is not formed for pecuniary profit." It will be the object of this Bureau to "inculcate, among the members of the organization and the public generally, the truth concerning Catholic doctrine, belief, practice, ceremonies, and history." It is the hope of the promoters that the Bureau may become a responsible source from which Catholics can respond to, and combat, the attacks made on Catholic citizens and misrepresentations as to their attitude in public questions.—Through the persevering efforts of Mr. J. P. O'Mahony, editor of the *Indiana Catholic*, who brought the matter before the Catholic Press Convention in 1923 and again in 1924, a Catholic Information Bureau has at last come into existence. Such bureaus are needed all over the United States.

—Sister M. Inviolata, of the Sisters of Providence, of San Antonio, Texas, who won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Catholic University, received the personal congratulations of the Holy Father, who imparted to her the Apostolic Benediction, for her masterly work, "St. Augustine the Orator."

—The only Galitzin vertical seismograph on this side of the Atlantic was installed recently in the Georgetown University, which is conducted by the Jesuits.

—A miraculous escape from death was the good fortune of a steeple jack who fell 100 feet from the dome of a new church at Lackawanna, N. Y. The protruding statue of the Archangel Gabriel prevented a fall of another 100 feet to the ground. "He was given his angels charge over thee," says the Psalmist. "In their hands they shall bear thee up."

—The Jesuit Educational Association, Central States Division, held its second annual convention in August at Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

—Rev. Charles J. Quirk, S. J., contributor of poetry and prose to numerous Catholic magazines, has just returned from abroad, where he made his theological course and did post-graduate work. Father Quirk is at St. Stanislaus College, Cleveland, Ohio, making his third year of probation or novitiate.

—Because of failing health, Rev. Francis L. Kelly, O. P., has resigned as chaplain of the Ohio State Penitentiary, an office that he held for twenty-nine years.

—The "High Church" movement, according to an exchange, is spreading in Germany. Many of the Lutheran pastors, it is said, now hear confessions and say Mass, and there is at least one community living under the rule of St. Benedict. Instead of "Los von Rom" the trend seems to be "back to Rome."

—In the course of an interview which Rev. Albert E. Smith, editor-in-chief of the *Baltimore Catholic Review*, had with the Holy Father a few weeks ago, His Holiness said: "I consider the Catholic paper one of the greatest aids of the Church." He then bestowed his blessing upon the editor, his associates, writers, and subscribers, "especially," he said with a smile, "those who pay their subscriptions." As a further token of his benevolence the Holy Father conferred upon Father Smith the decoration "pro Ecclesia et Pontifice."

—Seven hundred and eleven men attended the laymen's retreat that was held in August at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Blind from birth, George Weinmann, a young man of 24, who has recently been admitted to the bar, was tendered an ovation at Northwestern University when he received his diploma. "My mother is my eyes," he said by way of explanation. "She read my courses night after night for four years."

—Through an association called "The Guard of the Altar," greatly increased attendance at daily Mass and Holy Communion is reported from Holland. "The Guard of the Altar" comprises four classes or degrees: (1) those who hear Mass on one week day of each week; (2) those who add to this one Holy Communion a week; (3) those who hear Mass on five days a week and receive Holy Communion once a week; (4) daily Mass and Holy Communion at least five times a week.

MISSIONS

—Vacation schools of from three to five weeks were tried out in several dioceses during the past summer. In the Archdiocese of St. Louis out of 150 volunteers 26 Sisters were sent out into the rural districts where there are churches but no parochial schools. About four hours were spent each day in teaching the children catechism, Bible History, and the singing of hymns. In some places the number of Communions received exceeded those during a previous mission. The closing of the short terms brought sorrow to pupils and teachers alike. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade paid the travelling expenses of the Sisters. In some instances the priests gave up their own residences, which they turned over to the Sisters, whilst they sought lodging elsewhere. The success of these vacation schools seems to be very gratifying. Numerous religious vocations are anticipated as one of the fruits.

—For forty years the Sisters of St. Francis, Syracuse, New York, have been laboring among the lepers on the Island of Molokai. Besides caring for the lepers, these Sisters also conduct schools, orphanages, and general hospitals. They have now opened a novitiate at

1650 Meyer Street, Honolulu, Hawaii. The Sisters will welcome to their novitiate all who feel called to make so heroic a sacrifice.

—Maryknoll has just sent seven priests, two brothers, and six sisters to Hongkong for the missions in South China, while three priests and six sisters went to the new mission in Korea.

—The Provincial of the American Province of the Society of the Divine Word, Very Rev. Peter T. Janser, S. V. D., sailed on September 18th for Shanghai to establish a general procure there for the Society's mission fields in China. A brother and three young priests accompanied him. Four Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, left at the same time for the foreign mission fields.

—The thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society was celebrated on June 13th. The priests, brothers, students, sisters of this Society all form a big family of 457 persons. Before the end of September this young institute will have sent into the foreign mission field thirty-one priests, thirty sisters, and six brothers.

—The Father Walsh Unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, has sent a check of \$1,000 to Bishop Ledvina, of the Diocese of Corpus Christi, for a memorial school in that diocese. Last year this same unit sent a like amount to China for a memorial chapel. The money thus raised is the result of individual and combined personal effort and pecuniary sacrifices made especially during Lent.

—The Congregation of the Holy Cross dedicated its Foreign Mission Theological Seminary at the Catholic University, Brookland, D. C., on September 23rd. Archbishop Curley, of Baltimore, performed the ceremony. Father M. A. Mathis, C. S. C., is superior. The Sisters of the Holy Cross have established nearby a house for the training of young women in their community for the foreign missions. Sister Patricia is superioress.

BENEDICTINE

—Rev. Agatho Stritmatter, O. S. B., pastor of Sacred Heart Church at Boulder, Colorado, who celebrated the silver jubilee of his priesthood in July, was presented with a purse of \$1400 by his parishioners. Besides other relatives in the priesthood and in various religious orders, Father Agatho has twenty-two cousins in the Order of St. Benedict. Among these latter is the Rt. Rev. Vincent Huber, O. S. B., of St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Illinois.

—The Benedictine Convent of the Sacred Heart at Yankton, South Dakota, celebrated on July 8th the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Mahoney, Bishop of Sioux Falls, was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass; Rt. Rev. Vincent Wehrli, O.S.B., Bishop of Bismarck, North Dakota, delivered the jubilee sermon. The Rt. Rev. Abbots Ignatius Conrad, of Subiaco, and Philip Ruggle, of Conception, besides the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Desmond and Weber, and a number of other priests were present. The community

at Yankton was founded from Maria Rickenbach in Switzerland.

—The clerical novitiate of St. John's Abbey, in Minnesota, was increased by twenty-one young men who were invested with the habit of St. Benedict in July.

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Raymond Netzhammer, O. S. B., Archbishop of Bucharest, Roumania, has resigned his archiepiscopal see. The Archbishop is a monk of Maria Einsiedeln, Switzerland.

—The once famous Abbey of Reichenau, which since the early fifteenth century has been but a memory, celebrated its 1200th anniversary on August 12, 13, 14, 15. St. Meinrad, who was a monk of this abbey, retired with the permission of his abbot to the solitude of Mt. Etzel in Switzerland, where now stands the renowned Abbey of Maria Einsiedeln, which for many centuries has been famous as a place of pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Blessed Mother who is venerated there under the title of Our Lady of Einsiedeln.

—On July 13th occurred the 900th anniversary of the happy death of St. Henry II, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. St. Henry was an oblate of the Order of St. Benedict. Numerous festivities in honor of the saint were held throughout Germany.

—Rt. Rev. Frederick Bergh, O. S. B., titular Abbot of Canterbury and Abbot-Visitor of St. Augustine Abbey, Ramsgate, England, died in August at the age of 84. Abbot Bergh is said to have been a man of encyclopedic learning in every branch of sacred science. At the Gregorian University in Rome he obtained the highest distinctions, mathematical and scientific as well as theological. Shortly before his death he was visited by his aged novice master, a man of 93.

—The Benedictine Sisters, who had been in the service of the government for nearly fifty years at the Fort Yates Indian mission in North Dakota, left on August 15th for their mother house at Yankton, S. D. Because of the Valentine act, those who wear a distinctive religious garb may not be employed by Uncle Sam, although no subjects could be more loyal than the devoted sisters. But in this instance it is not a question of loyalty. With their "Lila chante ma shicka—my heart is very sad" the Indians bade the sisters farewell. Father Bernard, O. S. B., the priest who has been in charge of the mission for forty-one years, hopes to recall the sisters and open a parochial school—if the means can be found. Here is an opportunity for the Students' Mission Crusade, or for someone with a little money to spare who is interested in the spiritual welfare of the Indians.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS A. BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

Note:—Books reviewed herein are written in the language of the country under which they appear unless otherwise designated.

AMERICA:—It has been our great privilege to read the first three numbers of the most recent American Benedictine publication—the "Placidian," edited by the

group of American novices at Saint Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland. In its present form it is a little pamphlet of exceedingly high merit, religious, literary and scientific. And no wonder, when one considers the personnel of the group:—Rev. Dr. Thomas V. Moore, Ph. D., M. D., Professor of Psychology at the Catholic University of America; Rev. John B. Diman, F. A., convert from the Anglican Ministry; Rev. Dr. Francis J. Walsh, former Professor of Philosophy at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati; Rev. John E. Haldi, Ph. D., University of Cincinnati, and Dr. Baldwin, former Instructor in History at Harvard. Dom Benedict Brosnahan, O. S. B., M. A., is in charge of the work on this side of the water. No regular subscription price has been decided upon for the "Placidian" as yet, since it is intended as a means of enlightening Benedictine lovers on the character of the new Benedictine foundation of a Priory of research at Washington, D. C., in September, 1924. Each of the above-mentioned has contributed articles to the three numbers and it is regrettable that the supply has been exhausted so quickly. Valuable information on topics Benedictine were presented in a lucid, winning style, withal a scholarly touch penetrated by deep religious sincerity. We bespeak long life and unbounded success to the "Placidian" and the cause for which it stands—the Benedictine foundation at Washington, D. C.

The Rt. Rev. Abbot Vincent Huber, of St. Bede's Abbey, Peru, Illinois, has added to the list of publications from his monastery a practical guide to the understanding of liturgical Latin. This book, "Latin for Sisters," is intended particularly for the use of convents. The Abbot's contribution is similar to Dom Hébrad's on the same subject, but we think that both books presuppose previous drill, especially in the accusative case. This drill is necessary, if both books are not meant for class work.

Rt. Rev. Dom Mayeul de Caigny, O. S. B., formerly a monk of Maredsous, Abbey, Belgium, which he left in 1899 with the band of Benedictines headed by Bishop Von Caloën, for the restoration of the Brazilian Congregation, has just resigned the abbacy of Mount St. Benedict, Tunapuna, Trinidad, B. W. I., diocese of Port of Spain. Before becoming a monk, as Father de Caigny, the learned abbot taught philosophy at St. Louis, Mo. He is at present in Florida at the Abbey of St. Leo. In the peace of this southern minster, the scholar and professor is reviewing his manuscript of 400 pages, entitled: "My Souvenirs." Another work, half completed, "Philosophy and Asceticism," is making His Lordship's old days happy ones indeed. We hope soon to have the privilege of reading the two works.

The Rt. Rev. Ildephonse Lanslots, O. S. B., formerly Prefect Apostolic of the Northern Transvaal, renowned theologian and canonist, has accepted the Chairs of Dogmatic Theology and Canon Law at Belmont Cathedral Abbey Seminary. He will succeed the late Dr. Hintemeyer, O. S. B. The new Rt. Rev. incumbent is a monk of the old Flemish Abbey of Sts. Peter and Paul

at Afflighem, Holland (founded 1075), where he made his profession in 1875.

It has also been announced by the above mentioned North Carolinian Abbey that the Rev. Vincent Taylor, O. S. B., has been elected to succeed the late Bishop Leo Haid, O. S. B., as abbot. Upon the confirmation of Rome, Abbot-elect Vincent will be blessed. The election took place August 20th.

ITALY:—It was with the greatest pleasure that the gift of a voluminous and valuable encyclopedia was recently received by the Holy Father from the hands of Abbot Antonio Marcet, O. S. B. of Montserrat Abbey, Spain. The "Encyclopedia Universal Ilustrada Europeo-Americana Espasa" is published at Barcelona in seven languages, Spanish, English, French, German, Italian, Catalanese and Esperanto. It already comprises 55 volumes and has only arrived at the letter "S." It bids fair to reach 75 volumes. The religious articles (and they are numerous) have been written mostly by Benedictines, Franciscans and Jesuits. The Prefect of the Vatican Library asked Dom Anselmo Albareda, O. S. B., of Montserrat, who studies in the Vatican Archives, if it would be possible to obtain the Encyclopedia for the Library. Dom Anselmo's abbot and the editor, Mr. Espasa, immediately gave a favorable reply. The 55 volumes were specially and splendidly bound in morocco with the Pontifical coat of arms engraved upon them. When Abbot Marcet presented the volumes to the Pope, His Holiness examined them with great interest and expressed the desire to retain them for his own particular library. Later on another copy of the work was donated to the Consulting Library.

Sant' Anselmo, our Benedictine College in Rome, is presently the fourth international college that the Order has possessed in the Eternal City. The first dates from the time of Abbot Gaietarri (1560-1650). It was short-lived, however, operating only three years. The second college was founded by Pope Innocent XI in 1687 and occupied the present palace of San Callisto, wherein the Pontifical Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate now resides. The third was located at San Ambrogio from 1851 to 1869, at which time the Italian Government confiscated three quarters of the college and allowed the remaining to be used as the residence of the Abbot General, Dom Gariador, O. S. B., of the Primitive Observance Benedictines. Pope Leo XIII, in 1888, instituted the present Sant' Anselmo which is under the masterly guidance of its second Abbot Primate, Dom Fidelis Von Stotzingen. Its personnel includes an American Rector, Dom Patrick Cummins, 18 professors and 86 Benedictine students of the fifteen congregations of the Order, six of which are American monks. Sant' Anselmo is a well ordered and commodious abbey. Being under the care of the Beuronese Brothers, the buildings are as trim as if they were newly erected, and this, after thirty-six years of constant use. Their labors speak well for the religious and intelligent formation which they received at Beuron and Maria Laach. In the large abbey church

the music rendered at services is perfect, under the able direction of Dom Beatus Reiser of Einsiedeln Abbey. Their large three manual organ (53 stops) is the second largest in Rome.

"*Exercitia S. Gertrudis Magnae, O. S. B.*," is another fine Latin edition in the mystical field, now presented by the monks of Praglia Abbey, Padua. It is the third volume of their series of *Scripta Monastica*. The previous volumes are: "*Quadro Storico del Monachismo Occidentale*," by Dom Bérangier, O. S. B., written between 1880 and 1892, and a paraphrase on the "*Suscipe me Domine*," by Dom Claudius Martin (1696).

The Benedictine Oblate Pilgrimage to Rome, a reunion of all the oblates affiliated to the fifteen congregations, will meet at the Tor di Spechi Monastery for a Triduum on April 25-30, 1925. This movement was initiated by a monk of Montserrat Abbey, Spain, and was approved by Pope Pius XI. The General of the organization is the eminent historian Abbot Placidio Lugano, Olivetan, O. S. B., of Saint Francesca Abbey, Rome. No doubt many, if not all the oblates will go to Rome this coming Holy Year, owing to its celebration only every twenty-five years. (The first was in 1475). After the Triduum the oblates will make other pilgrimages to Monte Cassino, Subiaco, Cava and Nursia.

It is announced that the Italian Government is remitting the large Franciscan monastery at Assisi to the Apostolic See. Would that the same government would act thus in the case of Monte Cassino, a great part of which, since 1869, has been a "national monument"! It was only owing to the request of the great English statesman, Gladstone, that the monks were permitted to inhabit the great abbey as its "guardians." To such straits had they come that they were requested not to read or write in their cells carrying a volume thereto from the well-stocked and famous library. The monks have the private use of only one of the four large cloisters, the others are open to visitors daily who are unaware of the sacredness of the precincts they are treading. The fifty-four monks, under Abbot Gregory Diamare, O. S. B., are trying to make the best of these untoward circumstances. Abbot Gregory is the 297th successor of St. Benedict himself and presides over a large diocese containing 75 parishes with 150 secular priests, besides the school at Monte Cassino, which comprises 50 seminarians and 100 collegians, mostly Neapolitans.

ENGLAND:—Last July 9th Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., celebrated his Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee in London. He is now seventy-eight years of age and is recognized as the most famous Church historian in the Benedictine world, nay, in the entire Catholic world. He also holds the responsible position as Librarian of the Vatican. At the dinner in the Cardinal's honor, tributes were rendered by Cardinal Bourne and Rt. Hon. John Wheatley, Minister of Health in the Labor Government of England. In addition to the two cardinals and the cabinet minister at Cardinal Gasquet's jubilee dinner there were present four bishops, four abbots, four

peers and over a hundred members of the clergy and laity, including many famous scholars.

From the ever busy pen of Dom Roger Hudleston, O. S. B., we now have "The Confessions of Saint Augustine," a revision of the famous text of Sir Tobias Matthew, dating from 1620. It is published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne in 18mo, XXX-410 pp., 5 S. It might be of interest to state that the translation of Sir Tobias was contemporaneous with the "Authorized Version of the Bible." Sir Tobias was the son of an Anglican Archbishop of York who became a convert and later took Orders in the Catholic Church. His translation of St. Augustine was the basis of all later English translations of the same. Even the edition of Watts, so popular with Protestants, was but a revision of the work of Sir Tobias. Dom Hudleston of Downside Abbey accepted willingly the delicate task of the latest revision withal preserving as much as was feasible the genre of the original edition of 1620.

Dean J. Armitage Robinson, D. D., is recognized as one of the fairest historians of early religious history in England. We are favored with a fine work: "The Times of St. Dunstan" (Clarendon Press). These 'times' constitute a wonderful and complete chapter on the religious story of the tenth century and their correct presentation overthrows many misconceptions rife among late English historians. The dean, in his preface, informs the reader that the main purpose of his lectures (Ford Lectures) has been "to trace the origin and progress of the religious movement which is inseparably interwoven with the political history of England in the tenth century." This he has done in a masterly manner indeed, showing that the religious flame was enkindled at Glastonbury. Dunstan handed it down to his pupil, the King Edmund. Edmund repaid his debt of love by reforming Abingdon under Ethelwold. St. Dunstan, raised to the highest positions of Church and State, with the aid of Ethelwold and Oswald of Fleury, directed all the important events of the realm, ecclesiastical and civil. The perusal of this sketch indeed makes interesting reading. Dunstan was a great artist and statesman, withal a saint and the appreciations of Ethelwold and Oswald serve only to heighten the glory of the "Magnificus Vir Dunstanus."

"Gaelic Pioneers of Christianity," by Dom Louis Gougand, O. S. B., is now translated by Victor Collins, (Gill & Son, 166 pp.); it is a good rendering of the French edition. One follows the Celtic and the Gaelic wanderings from the 5th to the 12th centuries over the greater part of Europe and learns how they aided in evangelization and the founding of new monasteries and schools. The word 'Gaelic' may be misleading since the volume deals only with the Irish branch of the Gaelic family.

On the tenth of last June the city of York beheld a notable event in its annual pilgrimage. Situated in the prominence of the city are the ruins of old St. Mary's Abbey, founded in the eleventh century and one of the greatest Benedictine houses in England. The authori-

ties permitting, this year, during the pilgrimage, a temporary altar was erected within the roofless walls of the abbey church upon the very spot where the high altar formerly stood. High Mass was celebrated by a Benedictine Abbot assisted by three Benedictine priests and a Benedictine choir. A large congregation was present from all parts of England. It is hoped that the Mass in the ruins will be an annual event.

Dom Bede Camm's latest book: "Pilgrim Paths in Latin Lands," (Herder, St. Louis, Mo., 1924, \$10.00), is a volume of large format and artistic photogravures. The famous English monk of Downside Abbey gives us some detailed reading and choice pictures of the holy places he has visited. Naturally, as a Benedictine, he has first given accounts of Monte Cassino, Subiaco, etc. Dom Bede understands well the Italian colors, nationality and devotions, and describes them naturally. In one instance we seem to differ from him. We are sure that at the upper monastery of Subiaco, a monk, though he may not belong to the Primitive Observance Congregation, may, with the permission of the abbot of the lower monastery, enter to visit, eat, pray and sleep. There is one condition specified—he must keep strict silence, for silence is required on the part of the monks near the cave of St. Benedict. The ravens, those favorite birds of St. Benedict, still haunt the cave and ever and anon break the stillness of the mountain air with their strange cries. They inhabit a garden called the "Raven's Grove" near to the cave itself. The monks come in groups of six from the lower monastery and spend three months at a time in the grotto in order to imitate the life their holy founder himself led there for three years. Were one to read "Pilgrim Paths" first and then visit these holy places, he would receive different impressions than if he were first to make the visits and then read the book. If the reader is going to Italy and these holy places we say—don't read "Pilgrim Paths"; if you are a "fireside traveller"—you can't afford to miss "Pilgrim Paths in Latin Lands."

The same writer has enlarged his two former editions of "Tyburn and the English Martyrs" (Burns and Oates, 1924). This interesting and informative little book is made up of conferences given at Tyburn Convent in 1904. The present edition gives fresh information on the martyrdoms of the 77 servants of God. Dom Bede has stirred England's interest and devotion to these martyrs.

BELGIUM:—Little was known outside of his native land of St. Albert, Bishop of Liège, until his relics were presented to Brussels by Cardinal Luçon in 1922. This event occasioned the volume: "St. Albert of Louvain," by Dom Boniface de Marmol, O. S. B., monk of Maredsous Abbey, Belgium. The book is decidedly interesting in its portrayal of the young bishop—he was only twenty-six when he was killed by the emissaries of Henry VI of Germany. Born in 1166, he died in 1192. Many honors are daily rendered at his tomb in Brussels.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Now that we have been in school for a month, we feel like veterans climbing up the ladder of learning. We are enjoying it more than we thought we should when last summer we waded in the shining stream or lay upon the green and velvety carpet of grass watching the fluffy white clouds floating across the azure dome of heaven. We thought then that it would be pleasant if all the school-house doors should stay closed this fall and we should not be required to pull down the tiresome books from the dusty bookshelves. We sort of fancied then that even the books would like a rest for a year. Heigh Ho! But now October is here with its gold and scarlet, with leafy carpets in every grove, and with nuts a-ripening everywhere, and the crisp morning air seems to put new life into our veins, and how we love the golden, glowing days

"When on the ground red apples lie,
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls,
Are leaves of woodbine twining."

"O suns, and skies, and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour,
October's bright, blue weather."

After all, isn't October just a wonderful month! We are thinking about the new sweaters and warm caps we shall soon need, and about the Halloween parties, and Thanksgiving not very far away, and—we hardly dare to say it out loud—Christmas not far off.

Everyone feels just like working in October because the air is so invigorating. We just cannot help enjoying school because it is so enjoyable, and besides we are learning a little more of something that is worthwhile, and we are climbing up the trail that leads to grown-up land from whence we shall look backward and think about the happy days of childhood.

"Happy schooldays now are passing,
Days with meaning fraught,
And we well should heed the lessons
In the schoolroom taught."

October Feasts

Three important feast days occur in October the first being that of the Guardian Angels on October 2. The existence of Guardian Angels is taught by our holy religion, hence you should never fail to say a prayer daily that your Guardian Angel may not cease to watch over you.

"Angel of God, My guardian dear,
To whom His love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side
To light and guard, to rule and guide."

"Angel of God, who art my guard,
Committed by heavenly care to thy ward,
Rule, govern, enlighten and keep me this day." Amen.

The feast of St. Francis of Assisi occurs on October 4. St. Francis early renounced wealth and sought to

live as his Master had done, in poverty and suffering. He founded the great order that bears his name.

The feast of St. Teresa occurs on October 15. When the saint was a little girl of seven years she ran away from home in the hope that she might be martyred by the Moors. She gave as her reason to those who brought her back, "I want to see God, and I must die before I see him." When she grew up she became a Carmelite nun.

The Birds and the Lilies

"Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly father feedeth them.

"Are not you of much more value than they?

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?

"Yea, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, you are of more value than many sparrows.

"And for raiment, why are you solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin.

"But I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these.

"Be not solicitous therefore, saying, What shall we eat or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things.

"Seek ye, therefore, first, the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you."

Raphael and Tobias

October, the month of the Holy Angels, again reminds us of those countless ministering spirits that surround the throne of the Blessed Trinity, singing their ceaseless hymn of praise. We speak of all these spirits as "angels." By nature they are pure spirits, but by being sent they are angels, which means "mes-



ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL

sengers." According to Sacred Scripture these angels are divided into nine choirs or orders: the Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels.

The names of the seven archangels are: St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Raphael, St. Uriel, St. Jehudiel, St. Sealtiel, and St. Barachiel. St. Uriel is considered the patron of the Sacrament of Confirmation; St. Michael, of the Holy Eucharist; St. Gabriel, of Baptism; St. Jehudiel, of Penance; St. Raphael, of Extreme Unction; St. Sealtiel, of Holy Orders; and St. Barachiel, of Matrimony.

We are familiar with the first three. In the Apocalypse of St. John we read of St. Michael and his angels who fought with the dragon and his angels, whose place was then found no more in heaven. It was the archangel St. Gabriel who announced unto Mary that she was chosen by God to be the Virgin Mother of His Divine Son. The good services of St. Raphael to the family of Tobias are recounted in the book of Holy Writ that bears their name. What he did for Tobias, that our Guardian Angel does to us. He leads us safely through this strange land to our heavenly home, laden with a goodly store of merits that we have acquired during our earthly pilgrimage. After death our eyes will be opened to see all the good he has done to us and we shall lie prostrate on our faces blessing God for all eternity.

The following verses, which do not attempt to improve on the poetic simplicity of the sacred text, will help our youthful readers to become better acquainted with the touching and instructive story of the Archangel Raphael and the boy Tobias.

Tobias, a Story in Five Parts, for Children

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

1. HIS FATHER'S ADMONITIONS

"Toby," called his mother, "quickly
Leave thy games and playmates gay.
Hasten to thy father's bedside,
Who to thee has aught to say."

"Listen to thy blind old father,
Lend to me thy ear and heart,
And inscribe thereon the lessons
That to thee I now impart."

"When my soul shall leave its prison
And fly up to meet its God,
Lay me in the lap of mother,—
Place my body 'neath the sod."

"All thy days thy mother honor,
Till beside me she doth rest;
Walk the way of God's commandments,
And thou wilt be truly blest."

"Feed the hungry, clothe the naked;
Humble be and clean of heart.
From the wise do thou seek counsel,
And in quarrels have no part."

"All these things I'll do, my father,
That thou hast commanded me.
And to Rages will I hasten
To demand what's due to thee."

Jane and the Fairy "Kindness"

ELEANOR GAMBER

I am going to tell you the story of little Jane Carter. Her parents were very wealthy and unwisely believed that their child should not be allowed to associate with

other children, but should grow up, with no other companion than a strict governess, who cared naught how she spent the long, tiresome days, just as long as her charge did not afford her any trouble. Ah, foolish parents, to ruin your daughter's life and happiness! For yes, they were fast destroying it, unwittingly of course, but yet, never taking the trouble to see if they were doing right. Money galore was spent on the child, and she grew up, having everything she desired, except those two priceless gifts, one of love, and the other, kindness in helping others. She sorely needed these, for she never cared how other people managed to live, and was unkind and selfish to everyone. And love! How would you feel if you had never felt the touch of a soft motherly hand, or been made to go to sleep the best way you knew, without being tucked in bed by a loving parent, and soothed to sleep with kind words when you felt unhappy? You would think it was unbelievable, yet Jane Carter was fast reaching her tenth summer, and it was as yet all unknown to her. For her money-loving mother cared only for bright lights and gay parties, not possessing a thought for her unhappy little daughter crying herself to sleep at home. Her father, too, was as bad, and his thoughts dwelt only on his affairs in the business world, and half of the time forgot he possessed a family.

But Jane was fast becoming tired of her dull life, where in her elaborately furnished apartment she reigned alone as Queen, her servants and various attendants, her humble subjects, spoiling her with idle flatter. She began to wish that she might have a companion, some nice child to play with, instead of her governess. Why how delightful it would be! And what fun she would have!

Soon, she decided, she would ask her mother to secure one for her, for she, poor innocent little Jane, believed her parents with all their wealth could without a doubt obtain for her anything she wished. Ah, she did not know that only One could give her these gifts. Yes, she had as yet a lot to learn!

That night when she went to bed she silently wished that a playmate could be found for her. Her parents or governess had never taught her anything concerning religion, and as old as she now was, she did not know the meaning of prayer! So as she went over this desire, she gradually drifted off to sleep.

She had been slumbering peacefully for quite a time when she awoke with a start, and opened her eyes to perceive a beautiful silver-haired lady clothed in spotless white, bending over her. She gave a cry and sat up in bed, exclaiming, "Who are you?"

"I am the Fairy Kindness," the lady answered, smiling down at Jane.

"Fairy Kindness! Who is she?"

"Perhaps you will find out soon! At least that is why I came here tonight, and the pretty lady smiled again. Seeing that Jane did not answer, she continued, "How would you like to take a ride with me, dear? It will prove very interesting, I am sure! All the little girls I know have loved it and are always asking me to take them for more."

"Oh yes," cried Jane, "take me with you!" and in her hurry and delight she danced out of her bed and hurriedly dressed. Then perceiving that the Fairy hesitated she cried impatiently, "Oh hurry! Look, I am ready!" and she grasped the lady's hand. She was so used to giving commands that she used them now, never knowing that Fairies do not like them, and also will not obey them. Then, because of her impatience the Fairy scolded Jane and then purposely delayed the ride to punish her. The lady led her to the door where Jane found a large golden chariot awaiting her. She jumped in, and at a command from the Fairy, two beautiful white doves carried them—where do you suppose?—away up in the clouds!

"Do you want to visit the moon, Jane?" asked the Fairy.

"Oh, I would love to!" cried Jane, waxing enthusiastic. Off they went very soon alighting on the big round moon. As they walked about they met many of the inhabitants, and when Jane saw them, she could not suppress a laugh, they looked so funny walking about, with their fat bodies, and large round heads. The people did not like this so they grew angry at Jane and one of them cried, "Turn the moon light on her!—It will serve her right!"

With this Jane felt a burning light, and turning, confronted the full glare of the moon light. It blinded her, and she ran quickly away, wishing she had been more considerate of the people's feelings. She soon discovered that the Fairy was still beside her, and without a word, followed her to the chariot.

"I am going to take you to one of the planets, now, Jane, and see if you cannot be more kind to the people," said the Fairy.

Very soon they came to one of the large planets and here they found the queerest people,—all star-shaped, hands, feet, and everything! Jane forgot her experience with the Moon people and again laughed mirthfully. The people grew angry, and one and all ran to their tormentor, sticking their sharp points in her. Weakly she cried out, until they decided that they had given her enough, the Star people ceased. Then the Fairy said, "Jane, your experience should have taught you better. But now I must leave you to your own devices for awhile. Meet me at my chariot at Dawn," and then she hastily vanished, leaving with Jane a large lunch to partake of when she became hungry.

She walked on until she came upon an old woman who pitifully asked her to help her along the road, as she was too weak to walk herself. Jane quickly refused saying that she was not used to doing things like that! In vain the woman pleaded, but Jane walked on, unheeding. As she wandered on she met a poor tired horse who asked her to take the nail from his foot. "Let it hurt! It does not bother me!" and she walked haughtily on.

Very soon she came upon a little girl who, seeing her large basket, asked her for some food. Here Jane again refused and again resumed her journey. Very soon she became tired, and was wishing she could find some sheltering nook, but there was nothing to be found but sharp, star-shaped stones, and these would only serve to make her more uncomfortable. Very soon she saw approaching the very same old lady whom she had refused to help along the road. She went to her and asked her to assist her. The woman, who by this time had been fully refreshed, willingly complied with the request. Jane felt ashamed of her selfish way, and asked the lady to forgive her, and she did. "But," said she "you must learn to be kind and helping to others not just because you are ashamed, but because you know in the first place that it is right." Then Jane being sufficiently rested, she left her to her own devices.

As she walked along a sharp stone went into her foot. She cried out with pain, and turned around, only to find the same horse she had met in the morning, standing before her. The nail had been removed from his foot and he was now quite happy. She begged him to assist her, which he willingly did. Then sorrowfully she asked his pardon for her meanness in their last meeting, which he willingly granted.

"In the future be willing always to help others in distress, and you will find how much happier you will feel. Heed this advice."

Jane continued her journey, and soon she began to feel hungry. She had partaken of all her lunch, and could not possibly obtain any more. Soon she saw approaching the self-same girl with whom she had refused to share her lunch. The girl was carrying a large bas-

ket of food, and Jane pitifully asked her for some. The girl willingly offered it. "You refused to give me a share of yours, but I will offer you mine, so that hereafter you will be kind enough to help others." Jane thanked her and then went on. It was Dawn now, so she went back to the chariot, where she found the Fairy awaiting her. Jane jumped in the chariot and said to the Fairy, "I know who you are! I have learned all about Kindness! In the future I will be kind and willing and eager to help others."

"Now that you have discovered the meaning of kindness, I will take you home, for that has been my mission—to show you the works of kindness, and to let you see how useful it is." And off the Fairy went, down, down, down to the earth. Jane fell asleep in the journey, and when she awoke she found herself again in her snowy white bed. One day she told her Mother about her ride with the Fairy Kindness, and her Mother grew so ashamed of herself that before long she mended her ways. Her Father, too, changed, and now Jane has become the happy possessor of two loving and devoted parents, with whom she is very happy. Her little Cousin Anna lives with her now, so Jane's desire to possess a playmate has been fulfilled. But Jane has never forgotten her ride with the Fairy, and people love her now for her generous and kind ways.

An Old Woman's Rosary

I bless myself, and I kiss the cross,
And the holy creed I tell;
And the Paters and Aves trip off my tongue
For it's me that knows them well.

For it's many a day these same old beads,
I told in the same old way—
I got them my First Communion morn,
And that's sixty years this May.

'Twas the Joyful Mysteries then I liked,
(And I said them joyfully),
When our Lord was only a child himself,
At his Blessed Mother's knee.

Ochone! but it's many and many a year,
I've turned from the joyful deeds,
And I cry on the Sorrowful Mysteries,
With tears as big as my beads.

For my beautiful boy with the fever went,
And "himself" next morning died,
Do you wonder I think of the Mysteries,
That end with the Crucified?

For it's then as I'm telling each blessed bead,
A-kneeling beside my bed,
We two women, God's Mother and me,
Have many a talk of our dead.

And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell
Her pains and her darling son's
It's plenty of time I'll be having in heaven
To think of the Glorious ones.

Rev. H. F. Blunt.

Letter Contest

Subject for November: My Favorite Pastime.
Subject for December: My Happiest Christmas.

MY FAVORITE FAMOUS PAINTING. WHY? (Prize)

Many art galleries have in their possession wonderful collections of art treasures, many beautiful and valuable paintings. Some of these paintings are renowned for their brightness in color; others for their physical or spiritual beauty.

But all these are surpassed by one which is still

more beautiful and which is said to be judged by judges of art to be the most beautiful picture ever painted. This picture which surpasses all others is kept at the famous Dresden Gallery, in Saxony and it is called the "Sistine Madonna."

This masterpiece is the work of Raphael, and is the last picture he painted wholly by himself and is the only one of his pictures that is painted on canvas.

In the figure of the Madonna the artist realized one of his most exalted ideas of the Blessed Mother of God. Her majestic attitude, standing upon clouds, her face of perfect beauty, declare her as a vision from heaven. But yet she is exceeded by the Divine Child whom she holds so tenderly in her arms, and who looks out into the world with solemn searching eyes. At her feet Pope Sixtus, in flowing cope with bearded face gazes upward with great devotion and Saint Barbara, who is painted on the right hand side of the picture looks downward to the two boy angels, whose heads and shoulders appear above the edge of the picture in a charming childish position.

It is said that these two angels were not in the picture when it first was painted but were added when the artist found two little boys resting their arms on a railing and looking at the picture.

My particular reason for selecting the "Sistine Madonna" is because anyone who has a copy of this beautiful picture and kneels before it while at prayer will make them think of Christ, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints. It will greatly increase their devotion and prevent them from committing the sin of distraction.

905 Chicago St., Mendota, Ill.

THE SISTINE MADONNA (Prize)

The "Sistine Madonna," painted by Raphael, is generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful of all Madonnas. The original picture which is eight feet high and six feet wide was painted in 1518 for the Benedictine Monastery of St. Sixtus, where it remained for over 200 years, being sold in 1734 to Augusta III of Saxony who removed it to Dresden, where it now occupies a special room in the Royal Gallery and is under constant guard. Many persons, it is said, travel to Dresden just to see this great painting.

In the complete view of the picture the Infant Jesus and Mary appear, surrounded by an intense brightness, between two green curtains drawn to either side. The Blessed Virgin is standing upon the clouds, having the Infant Jesus in her arms, showing Him to the world as its Redeemer and Savior, its Sovereign Judge. Lower down St. Sixtus and St. Barbara are kneeling on the clouds on either side. Nothing is visible of the earth, but it is divided by the glances and gestures of the two saints who are pointing to the multitude for whom they are imploring the Divine Mercy.

Two angels are leaning on the balustrade, which forms a solid plane at the bottom of the picture. It is said that these angels were not in the picture when Raphael painted it, but several days afterward Raphael opened the door of his studio, and saw two children leaning on the front of his easel, looking up at the picture and contemplating the glory of the Virgin with such rapture that they did not notice the artist enter. This gave him a new inspiration and he immediately painted the rigid supporting bar on which the two children are kneeling as models, for angels.

Joan Deters, Age 15, Grade 8, 4936 Huge Ave.

MY FAVORITE CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER

One of the best Catholic newspapers is the "Record," a Catholic family weekly, published at Louisville every Thursday in support of the orphans.

I think there is hardly any reason to ask why, because this is a splendid little paper and I am assured that everyone who takes it enjoys it.

My reason for liking "The Record" is because it not only contains many interesting Columns but also consists of the different social societies of our dioceses, the weekly calendar of feasts, the Forty Hours Prayer, the Epistle and Gospels for each Sunday, and many other interesting notes too numerous to mention. I think everyone who reads this splendid paper is well instructed in all matters of religion.

Hoping to see this in print soon, and trusting it will escape the waste basket, I remain,

Your little Cousin,

Marguerite Canary, Lebanon, Ky.

Age 16, Grade 11.

Letter Box

6710 N. 8th St., Oaklane, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am writing to you for the first time to tell you about my favorite newspaper. It is the "Catholic Standard" because of the interesting stories and beautiful poems it contains.

I go to Holy Angels' School. I am 13 and in the eighth grade. My teacher's name is Sister M. Clara Josephine.

It would please me very much to correspond with a few of the cornerites.

I am enclosing some jokes for the "Exchange Smiles," which I would like to see in print.

Hoping to hear from my cousins soon, I am,

Your newly adopted niece,

Jeanne Porter.

5 Coalpit Hill, Danbury, Ct.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

"The Catholic Transcript" is the only Catholic paper that I get and I like it very much because there is very good reading in it on most every subject.—I am 13 years of age and in grade 6C.

Helen Ginty.

Mac Tier, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am writing you a few lines to thank you for giving me permission to write to the "Corner," for I enjoy writing and receiving letters. I will now enclose some jokes for the "Corner."

Your loving niece,

Margaret Kelley.

Margaret also tells us why "The Catholic Freeman," printed at Kings Ontario, is her favorite Catholic paper. Lack of space will not permit us to print it in the corner.

I WONDER IF IT CAN BE DONE?

Sister C. was a pale, little nun who had devoted her life to the work of Christ. She was very young when she first came to us, so young, indeed, that she was very bashful.

We soon grew to love her. But it was not my way to show emotions. I used to sit by and watch the others as they crowded around her, telling her their troubles and joys. I was an ugly child and over-sensitive, but she soon drew me out of my shell.

One day Sister fell and broke her ankle. How the girls did pray for her recovery. When she was well again, she came back to us, but, oh! how changed. Her face was ashen, her eyes heavy, and her walk was marred by a limp. We all showed her our great love for her, but she smiled very little, and one day I saw a faint line of pain on her face. Her lips moved frequently in prayer and she was very quiet, but the girls all understood.

We left for summer vacation, writing to her now and then, and when we came back, she was gone. Our

teachers would never tell us where she had gone, but the night we graduated from high school, I saw her. She was decidedly better, but her lips were not parted in the old familiar way. She had sent me a tiny medal the day before, but I had looked in vain for an address. As I stepped out on the stage to receive my diploma, I raised my hand and struck the medal. I saw a flash of white teeth, and she nodded in the old way, and then I stepped from the stage. I hurried to her and she greeted me. The other girls told the class, and instantly a collection was taken up among us, the florist was telephoned, and among all her girls she stood expressing her appreciation for the large basket of forget-me-nots.

I asked at the very beginning whether it could be done—whether I could hold your attention for a page or more, just to read of a class that loved its teacher well. Have I accomplished my task?

Catherine J. Davis,

18 DeWolfe St., Cambridge, Mass.

3448 N. Carlisle St., Phila., Penna.

Dear Aunt Agnes and Cousin Cornerites:

This is my first contribution to the Corner, and I wish to ask you if I may join this wonderful Association.

It is so hot here, especially in July, that the softest waft of air is welcome, and my body just craves for the "wild waves."

My favorite sports are tennis, (or almost any kind of ball), swimming, and going on hikes. It does make one so miserable when the sun shines down so tantalizingly, and makes it too warm for me to indulge in them.

There are several Catholic churches in this vicinity, the nearest being St. Stephen's, which is very well known. The priests and Sisters are all so nice, especially one of the former, Father Boyle, who is perhaps my favorite.

I read an article on kindness in this month's issue, so I am contributing a little story on the same subject that I hope you will accept.

Dear Cousins, please write to me, for nothing would please me more than to receive a letter from every one of you, and to make your acquaintance. Please do!

Lovingly, Your new relation,

Eleanor Gamber, Age 13.

116 Hale Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.,

Dear Aunt Agnes,

The magnificent ceiling of the Sistine Chapel which was painted by Michaelangelo is one of my favorite paintings and is also done by an artist I regard as wonderful.

Although I have never seen the actual painting itself, still, from the pictures taken of it, it gives me sufficient reason to say it is my favorite painting. It fills one with awe, for some of the figures are grand and terrible while others are soft and beautiful. It is, in the full sense of the word, very exquisite.

I happen to be acquainted with the history of this picture which is as follows:

Michaelangelo's fame as a painter had spread throughout Italy. The Pope bade him paint the ceiling of the Chapel. The ceiling is 150 feet long and fifty feet wide. Unaided, Michaelangelo carried out the work in four years. He gave his every thought to it. He would have no help or onlookers, he even hated to have the pope himself there. One day the pope did creep in to see how the work was progressing. The painter saw him and angrily let some tools fall near where the pope was standing. The pope fled, but was so angry that Michaelangelo had to leave Rome until the storm blew over.

I hope this letter will seem worthy of your consideration.

Your loving niece,

Irene Bailey, 12 years of age.

Why Hurry?

Just to wait for a train
Always gave him a pain.
He tried to cross first—to his sorrow.
But he didn't get past,
For the train moved too fast—
They're having his funeral tomorrow.

Guardian Angels

When'er I see a little boy,
My heart just palpitates with joy,
For at his side there doth appear,
An angel guarding mother's dear.

When'er I see a group of boys,
The sight, why its the joy of joys.
Oh overhead, a legion bright
Hovers near in heav'nly light.

Terence F. Beehan.

Puzzle

(Contributed by Rita T. Coffey)

Alphabet Puzzle. The numbers represent corresponding letters of the alphabet. The whole is a well-known motto: 9-14 7-15-4 23-5 20-18-21-19-20.

Last Month's Puzzles

Jonas spent three days in the whale's belly, is the answer to the picture puzzle in The Grail for September.

By supplying the letters missing from the words that make up a well-known puzzle you have—Silence is golden.

The jumbled names of birds are: Road runner, robin, ruff, shoveler, shrike, snipe, sparrow, chat, swallow, hawk.

Tommy asked his father how many sheep were in the field. His father told him that if their number were increased by $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, there would be 100. There must have been 48.

How high was the tree if four-fifths of its height was three feet more than two-thirds? The answer is $22\frac{1}{2}$.

Exchange Smiles

(Contributed by Jeanne Porter)

"And do you know," said one of the women who were discussing a wedding that had taken place the previous evening, "just as Frank and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out."

This startling bit of information was greeted by a number of "Ahs!"

"What did the couple do then?" inquired one.

"Kept on going. The widow knew the way."

Teacher—What would your father pay if he owed the baker \$15.35, the butcher \$20.68, and the milkman \$18.19?

Pupil—Wouldn't pay nothin'. He'd move.

Doctor—You are slightly morbid, my dear lady. You should look about you and marry again.

Widow—Oh, doctor, is this a proposal?

Doctor—Allow me to remind you, dear madam, a doctor prescribes medicine but he does not take it.

At the close of one of his sermons the preacher said: "Let all in the house that are paying their debts stand up."

Presently every man, woman, and child, with the exception of one man, stood up.

"Now let every man not paying his debts stand up. The exception, a care-worn individual, clothed in last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position. "How is it, my friend," asked the preacher, "that you are the only one present not able to fulfill his obligations?"

"I run a newspaper," replied the poor man, "and the brethren who stood up are my subscribers."

"Let us pray," suggested the preacher.

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

(Continued from page 265)

the tapestried windows of jewel-like glass has the effect of exquisite music.

It is an interesting fact that in the various buildings at Saint Mary-of-the-Woods there are seven chapels in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved and during the Eucharistic Convention and on other similar occasions, there are forty altars upon which the Holy Sacrifice is offered, not once, but many times each morning. Thus among its patriarchal trees Saint Mary-of-the-Woods stands like a jeweled chalice to the Lord; like an illuminated manuscript of Eucharistic lore in God's own writing; like a golden thurible from which mounts ceaselessly to heaven the incense of prayer, "Praise the Lord all ye His people; to the only God be honor and glory."

A Prelate's Wish

In accordance with his own request the body of the Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., Abbot of Belmont and Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, was laid to rest at the foot of the great stone cross in the center of the abbey cemetery—"out where the sunshine can reach me." He had frequently expressed a preference to be buried in this place. A similar desire was also expressed by the late Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, who died in 1918. This was put into verse by a fellow townsman, Mr. James C. Nolan, with whose kind permission we herewith reproduce "A Prelate's Wish."

Bury me in the sunshine,
There would I have my rest,
On some fair slope, tree-sentined,
In the great all-mother's breast.
Rain-swept, wind-swept, snow-swept,
As the seasons come and go,
And God renews the gala-dress
Of this His world below.

Sarcophagus of porphyry
In dismal crypt or vault,
If this must be the seal of fame
I gladly make default;
For me the sunshine, twittering birds,
The waters' gurgling flow,
Where God renews the gala-dress
Of this His world below.

Sonnets of Holy Lore---2

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

The herald-angel's silver trump had blown
O'er Chaos' realm from Wisdom's battlement,
Quelling the boisterous clamour to mild moan;
Yet in the queenly presence rage found vent.

"Woe to Thee! Who would'st leash in coils
The freeborn sons of earth by fond embrace;
Most sweet thy breast, most venomous thy toils,
Thou child of Chaos, minion of our race!"

Wisdom arose with peerless dignity,
Her belfries pealed in martial symphony
Chorused by Angels as their phalanxes,
Riding the wind in far-flung galaxies,
Their censers swung—till with retractile spasms
Chaos recoiled to antipodal chasms.

Abbey and Seminary

—The long summer vacation will be over by the time this goes to press. Homesickness will soon be over and all will be deeply engrossed in Latin and Greek. A large attendance is anticipated.

—Towards the end of August the clerics of the Abbey enjoyed a two-day outing at Celestine as the guests of Father Schnellenberger.

—On August 23rd, flushed in the face, with blood in his eye, warlike Mars came as close to the earth as he dared—so astronomers tell us. It will take several hundred years before he grows so bold again. He may have been carrying a chip on his shoulder, but we didn't discover it. Another uncommon spectacle could have been seen three mornings later, by those who rose before the sun and gazed upon the eastern skies. Hand in hand, or shall we say horn in hand, as it appeared from our point of view, old Dame Pulchra Luna and beautiful Miss Stella Matutina came tripping up along the milky way, or by some other path, over the star-spangled, star-studded skies. Whether their graceful movements were in accord with the harmony said to be produced by the heavenly bodies as they whirl through space, we were unable to determine as we could not tune in and listen.

—Fr. Lambert Graf, O. M. C., an alumnus of our College, spent a few hours with us on August 29th. He had just made his perpetual vows and was on a short visit to his parents at Owensboro, Kentucky. Fr. Lambert has two more years of theology before ordination. He will then take another year at the Catholic University.

—Father Aloysius Fischer, O. S. B., for over ten years assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, has been appointed pastor of St. Martin's Church, Siberia, in Perry County. He succeeds Father Leander who died in February.

—Father James will teach at Jasper College this year.

—At early Mass on the morning of September 7th Burch Edgar Elliott, who completed his course in the College last June, was invested with the habit of St. Benedict and began his year's novitiate. On the same occasion two postulants for the brotherhood, John Kender and Edmund Thibert were likewise invested.

—At High Mass on September 9th the clerical novices Carl Knapp, Robert Palmer, and John Basso, made their triennial vows. They will be known in religion as Fr. Urban, Fr. Jerome, and Fr. Leonard, respectively.

—The Bridge Department of the Indiana State Highway Commission received on September 23rd sealed proposals for the construction of eighteen bridges on new highways now nearing completion. Among these are bridges over the Black Hawk Creek, to the east of St. Meinrad, and over the Hurricane, beyond Monte Cassino.

—The Abbey was well represented at the Regional Eucharistic Congress which took place at St. Mary-of-the-Woods on September 10th and 11th. In the Abbey Church High Mass was celebrated on both days before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

—Father Othmar returned early in September from a visit to his birthplace in Bavaria. Many changes have taken place there in the past forty years. He also reports much suffering and misery especially in convents and monasteries. Because of excessive rain the crops were ruined this year. The bitter cold of winter in fireless stoves and starvation face a great multitude unless prompt assistance be given. As the people are impoverished, priests are without means to support themselves. They would consider themselves wealthy if they could but receive Mass stipends from America. THE GRAIL would gladly forward stipends as well as other alms to the needy.

—Rev. Aloysius Weisenberger, class of '08, assistant at St. George Church, Pittsburgh, since his ordination, has been appointed pastor at Mars, Butler Co., Pa.

—Very Rev. George W. Schuhmann, D. D., Vicar General of the Diocese of Louisville and pastor of St. John's Church, has been elevated by the Holy Father to the rank of Domestic Prelate. Dr. Schuhmann was a student of our College from '78 to '80. He then went to Innsbruck for philosophy and theology. Congratulations, Monsignor!

—Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis since 1918, class of '91, will sail from New York on the Leviathan, on September 27th, to make his *ad limina* visit at Rome. His Lordship will be accompanied by Fathers Edgar O'Connor, class of '20, and Jerome Pfau, class of '23, who will both remain at the center of Christendom for post-graduate courses in theology.

—Rev. Gregory Henninger, who was ordained for the diocese of Bismarck, North Dakota, seven years ago, paid his *alma mater* a short visit shortly before the opening of school.

—Rev. F. X. Lasance, class of '83, author of many popular manuals of prayer and devotion, has resigned as chaplain of the Notre Dame Convent and Academy

at Cincinnati, a position that he held for thirty-one years, and will retire to St. Francis Hospital, Fairmount.

Book Notices

Catholic organizations too often lead a parallel life, ignorant of one another; and even those who wish to look out beyond their parish, their diocese, their country and see what Catholics are working for and are carrying through elsewhere do not know how to do so, do not know how to get into touch with their co-religionists. But this is to be so no more.

Rome has again come to rescue and Peter confirms his brethren anew. For there is now in Rome an "International Office of Catholic organizations" which has been working some years under the able direction of Dr. Giuseppe Monti, D. D., and has now produced its first fruits:—an "International Handbook of Catholic Organizations."* Here we have a truly Catholic, world-wide conspectus of what Catholic societies (mostly composed of laymen) there are in existence, and of their activities. The address of the head office of each is given, as also the names of the presidents and of the official organs of everyone.

"Organize, organize!" was the cry raised in England on every side after the great war was fought and won, for none could close their eyes to the fact that the whole fabric of society was undermined and tottering to its fall. And the cry has crossed the Atlantic and its importance has been understood by none better perhaps (save by Pope Benedict XV and the present Holy Father) than by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, President of the General Council of the International Office.

In the present volume we have organizations to meet all kinds of needs; they will be able to meet all needs once they are sufficiently developed and known and sufficiently imitated in countries that still are without such. There are here (Part I) organizations for Catholic culture in general; (Part II) organizations for social culture and action; (Part III) for social activity in special fields, e. g., for charity, emigrants, sailors, friendless girls, etc.; there are the organizations of single professions—journalists, physicians, teachers, business men, employers, and workmen; and then (Part V) there are the economical-social associations (syndical, co-operative and for mutual aid). Last of all come the Universities, and it is a pleasure to see the stately number contributed by the United States.

This country is particularly blessed in the activities of the Knights of Columbus (who have greatly contributed to the publication of the present Handbook), but for the general Catholic education of the people, the States might still gain something by emulating the "Italian Federation of Circulating Libraries," which comprises 1,700 libraries, or the "Union Popular Catolica Argentina," which has a daily paper, a fortnightly, and two monthlies, which distributes over a million brochures and leaflets gratis yearly and has popular lectures in streets and squares and a bureau for free legal advice.

These indications may suffice to convey some idea of the value of this book as a collection of Catholic data, and as a stimulus to us to stand ever more firmly together shoulder to shoulder and help to work out in ourselves and in our surroundings the marvellous destinies of Holy Church.

H. G. B.

* The edition in English is published by "Edition Spes" 17, Rue Soufflot, Paris, France. Price \$2.00. 8vo xix plus 380 pages. There are also French, German, Italian, and Spanish editions.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Dripping Water

Lois Malden lost her parents early, and spent most of her days in the orphan asylum; but a blessed thing it was for her that she had been placed there, since she was a sadly neglected child until the kind sisters took hold of her. Her father was a non-Catholic, and her mother, in fear of the husband who had so soon changed, after marriage, from the gentle, soft-voiced lover, into a hard, unfeeling tyrant, whose will she dared not cross, dropped her religion, although she had secretly had her child baptized in the Catholic faith.

At five years she was brought to St. Ann's Home, not even knowing the sign of the cross, nor Who made her, nor the most rudimentary facts about religion. Her mother would have liked to teach her, but each evening Mr. Malden would take Lois upon his knee and try to extort from the child, by cunning questions, what her mother had taught or told her that day, for he suspected that his wife was yearning to instil religious thoughts into the tender young soul intrusted to her. Once the innocent little thing did artlessly tell on her mother, and then the latter paid. She died a nervous wreck, and her husband followed not long after, the victim of his own fiery temper, with a burst blood vessel.

So the tender ladies with the immaculate cornettes, like flying swans, took the wan, frightened little girl into their hearts, and she blossomed out under their care into a lovely, precocious being, a joy to her teachers, a talented little soul, whom the nuns took pleasure in cultivating to the utmost.

When she was eighteen, she had thoughts of remaining and wearing the garb of religion, but the nuns thought she ought to go out into the world for a year or two, especially since some of her father's relatives had applied to the convent, and promised to make a home for her.

So Lois went to live with the Malden's, her father's brother, his wife, and their son, Dr. Malden. They lived out of the city some distance on a tiny farm, but had the nuns heard their conversation before they came for Lois, they would probably never have let her go.

'I can't keep up the work any more,' complained Mrs. Malden one evening. 'You must get me a girl.'

'Can't afford it,' said her husband.

'I know,' put in the doctor, 'what about Uncle George's girl out at the asylum? She must be pretty old now, and able to work quite well.'

'That's it!' cried Mr. Malden. 'We needn't pay her anything; the home will be letting her out pretty soon, and she ought to be glad to get a place with board free.'

'Good! Let's get her.'

So Mr. Malden and his son ran into town in their car and called for Lois one afternoon. With tears of love and regret she parted from the nuns, but they told her she might come back to them after she had made a trial of the world and its ways. It was a soft, lazy October afternoon, and the country was lovely with the tints which the first crisp nights had brought in their wake.

Lois, never farther than the convent walls, enjoyed the ride in silent ecstasy, watching the stubblefields fly past, intensely interested in the great drays passing by, with their late loads of hay, or ear corn, or barrels of red and green apples, which they were taking into town to be sold. Now and then, too, they passed a cider press, and farmers stood about, or unloaded their apples, or lent a hand with the press.

'You've never been in the country?' asked the doctor, a young graduate, just out of his internship.

'No, and it is simply wonderful!'

'Well, you'll get enough of it,' he said, with a sardonic laugh. Lois wondered what he meant by that, and whether he meant it by way of encouragement. Arrived at the Malden farmhouse, she was quickly made to lay aside her good dress and put on one of gingham, and her aunt commanded her to get the supper. This she did willingly enough, prepared as she was to love and give the best of her service. But she soon found that service formed all of the equation, while love was the unknown quantity. Mr. Malden, while less fiery than her father, was every bit as tyrannical, possessing a cold, calculating nature, whose lack of feeling and overbearing arrogance was second only to his glaring obtuseness and stupidity.

It appeared, though, that both father and son possessed a healthy respect for Mrs. Malden, and dared not go beyond a certain limit with her. So that, the pent-up irritabilities of the three were oftentimes spilled upon Lois' devoted head. But she, with her excellent discipline and convent training, was far from wilting under their treatment. The first two or three days had her puzzled as to their attitude, but when she discovered that they had acquired her with the same feeling that they would have added a head of livestock to

their corral, she merely smiled and closed her eyes, looking inwardly to Him Who had sent this discipline upon her.

The first day she did not hesitate to make the sign of the cross and say grace before eating her supper, which she was obliged to serve to the others, and did not begin herself until they were half finished. They rudely stared at her and then at each other, with a covert smile, for it was something entirely new in their religionless lives.

The next day she did the same thing at each meal, seemingly all unconscious of their disapproving stares.

'I forgot she was a little Papist,' she overheard Mr. Malden tell his son.

'We'll have to ridicule it out of her,' replied the doctor.

At the end of a week, finding that neither covert sneers nor rude smiles could make her desist, the young doctor tapped her on the shoulder one day.

'Say, little one, what's all this Papist mummary you've brought along with you? They've kept you all nicely tied down in that Home, haven't they, like a chick in an incubator?'

'What do you mean, tied down?'

'Why, they've kept you from using your own brains, and saturated you with all this fool medieval stuff. Don't you know that that stuff has all been junked long ago, and that no sensible, enlightened man or woman would lend an ear to such buffoonery?' Lois laughed.

'But if I prefer the 'buffoonery?'

'Then it only goes to show what a little fool you are!'

'Then the saints were very blessed fools, I'm thinking!'

'Perhaps you're aiming to be one of them?' This in a contemptuous tone.

'I don't deny it.'

'What do you think you are gaining by it? Beats me how you can hang on to old-fashioned superstition like that!'

'You would deny the existence of saints, then?'

'What proof have you that they, with all their supernatural wonders, existed? In Russia, they're digging up the bones of supposed saints, and they are only commonplace human bones. Nothing miraculous happens when you touch them.'

'Not if you touch them in a spirit of ridicule, no. There is nothing to stop irreverent people from desecrating holy things. Faith and love alone can call forth the miraculous. But if you would deny that they existed, or had a supernatural union with Almighty God, have you never heard of the learned doctor, St. Augustine, or Thomas Aquinas, or Thomas a Kempis, who wrote the "Following of Christ," or St. Gregory the Great? All were learned men; all had explored the sciences, even as you have, except that in their case, science and the secrets of the universe were to them the secrets of God, and only proved still more the existence of His Supreme Mind and Master Hand in the

creation of all the wondrous things we see every day.'

'Wondrous things? What are they?'

'Why, the earth, the sky, grass, a flower—could the most learned scientist in the world create a leaf or flower out of nothing?'

The doctor laughed, for the moment non-plussed. But he recovered himself.

'Why yes, they have created things that have never existed before. Have you ever heard of the study of chemistry?'

'Certainly; I took it at the convent. You say the scientists created things out of nothing?'

'Well—not exactly out of nothing, but by a fusion of substances and application of certain principles—almost anything is possible to science.'

'They may have created things out of materials at hand, *but*—only a God, a Supreme Master-Mind could create things out of absolutely nothing!'

Again the doctor looked at Lois and laughed, then shook his head. He was not prepared for this stout resistance from the little 'incubator chick' with the benighted mind. Mrs. Malden sniggered when her son told her about it.

'You men better be careful,' she said. 'She's got more'n her share of the Malden stubbornness, I'm thinkin'. But I should worry, so long as she takes the work off of my hands and don't kick none.'

Lois didn't 'kick none,' though she sometimes felt keenly their unjust treatment of her. If there was company for dinner, she was made to cook it, serve it, and wash the dishes afterwards, remaining at home to tidy up and do the necessary chores, while the rest of the party went out riding in the car. But she never complained, feeling, somehow, that God had placed her in this environment for a purpose, and faithfulness of service was only another way of proving to these God-less people what religion does for a soul.

On Sunday it was a hard thing for her to get away for Mass; town was three miles away, and Lois dared not ask them to take her in the car. So she arose at four, prepared all her dinner materials, did all her chores, 'got' breakfast and left it all smoking hot on the back of the stove—bacon, eggs, hot biscuits, etc., and after calling the family, disappeared up the road as fast as her legs would carry her. Often some kind farmer brought her back home, and most of the time she was obliged to bear black looks from the family for absenting herself. But nothing they said to her could deter her from going.

'You're not only a Papist,' said Mr. Malden to her one Sunday, 'but a blamed bullheaded one!' Lois did not reply, but tried to be kinder than ever in her treatment of him. Somehow, it seemed immensely sweet to heap 'coals of fire' on people's heads, and, indeed, she had ample opportunity for it here. On more than one occasion, she had made her aunt and uncle stare, after a bitter reprimand, by sweetly offering to do something they thought would be hateful to her, and once, when Mrs. Malden had slipped and sprained her ankle, her

niece tended her so gently and lovingly that that lady exclaimed,

'Well, child, you shore did make that foot comfortable for me; I didn't think them Romish sisters would teach you more'n prayin' and catechism, but you're right handy about the kitchen, I must say.'

'They taught me about everything a girl ought to know, Auntie, so that if I had to get out to make a living, I would have three or four professions to choose from.'

'No! What are they?'

'Well, housekeeping, sewing and fancy work, piano, and I am sure if I took an examination for entrance to the Teachers' College, I could pass it,' Young John, the M. D., heard that.

'Think I'll take you up on that. Like to match brains with me some day?'

'On what subject?'

'Just a little debate on religion vs. science. I'll be on the side of science. You may defend religion.'

'Very well; I'd like nothing better!'

'Now, don't you go wastin' her time, John,' interposed his mother. 'Lois ain't got no time for such rubbish. She's got work to do.'

'Go on thar! Git to work, Lois,' commanded her uncle. 'Think we're boardin' ye for nothin'?' The girl made no reply, but went back to her work in the kitchen. The doctor followed, and stood in the doorway, watching her peeling some apples for pie. His father came up behind him after awhile.

'Come on, git!' he said roughly. 'When ye going to get some patients? Don't stand there mooning at the little Papist. Ye can't have her nohow. Fer one, she has no money, fer another, I don't aim to have no religionists in my family, and fer a third, you ain't got no practice to speak of; so, get busy!' John slunk away, got in the car and drove to town. Christmas came, and Lois surprised her three relatives with little dainty handmade gifts; for her aunt she made a pair of fancy scarfs, for her uncle, she knitted a warm muffler, and for John, she made an embroidered cardcase.

'Them scarfs would cost five dollars in town,' approved her aunt.

'Tain't half bad,' said Uncle John, examining the muffler. John merely flushed and hid his gift away in an inside pocket. It had suddenly become precious, he scarcely knew why himself. He had not had a chance to have the debate with Lois so far, but now, more than ever he awaited his opportunity to have it.

One night, when all had gone off to a sleighing party, he feigned illness, and surprised Lois, (as usual, left behind) in the kitchen 'setting the sponge,' for bread to be baked on the morrow.

'I've stayed behind to have that debate with you,' he said.

They had it. It was eleven o'clock, and still there was no end to it. Lois glanced uneasily at the clock. The others probably would not be back until midnight.

'Well, I'll say goodnight. We'll have to continue some other day.'

'Oh, it's so interesting, please stay, just a little longer!' he implored, rising and holding her by the arm. He had never been so familiar with her before, and, suddenly frightened, she said, 'No, goodnight!' and darted out of the kitchen door and up the stairs to her room before he could realize what had happened.

That night, he rolled and tossed, and sleep refused to visit his heavy eyes. That the debate had made an impression on him was proven by the fact that at two of the morning, he searched through his bookcase, until he found a book he had picked up at a secondhand store, but had never felt interested enough to read—'The Confessions of St. Augustine.' He never closed an eye that night until he had finished it. That winter was a restless one for him. He read ceaselessly, and even asked Lois' advice as to what books he should read, to further combat the doubts he still felt regarding the existence of a God.

Spring came in all its tender glory, and somehow Mr. and Mrs. Malden had imperceptibly softened toward their young niece, since her lovable ways, and willingness to help and do for them had unconsciously worn a hole through their horny armor. To quote her uncle's blunt words:

'Do ye know, Tilda, thet girl has never sassed me once, as often as I bawled her out, and that was not a few times—and most of the time she didn't deserve it,' he said, with a sheepish grin.

'Ye ought to be ashamed to admit it, John Malden,' replied his wife. 'Lois is a good girl, and I wouldn't mind a bit if John married her.'

Young John's mind was travelling along the same road, and to the same conclusion, for one day he walked in on Lois, as she was washing the milk pans out in the spring house.

'Do you know,' he began abruptly, smiling, 'I used to hate you for being a Papist?'

'That's very encouraging,' replied Lois with a laugh.

'And do you know another thing—I've decided to become one myself!' Lois nearly dropped the pound of butter she was wrapping up in waxed paper.

'John!' she cried. 'You make me too happy for words!'

'Do I?' he asked, hopefully, advancing nearer. Do, you know, you've filled my mind so with your own religious convictions, that I have only one desire now in life.' He advanced still closer, but she drew back.

'Don't move away, dear, for that would break my heart—it would mean that you do not—want me. I have dreamed of becoming a Catholic—yes, one of the hated Catholics, and—possessing you! Have I presumed too far?' Lois moved quite to the end of the long table where the milk pans and butter moulds were ranged in a row.

'But that can never be, I am sorry to say,' she replied, her lip quivering ever so little. No one knew the struggle in her own heart.

'But why? I suppose you hate me for having once reviled your faith?'

'No; but there is a law in the Church forbidding cousins to marry.'

'My God! To find her, only to lose her!' he cried, and then was silent for a long while. Then he spoke again.

'Well, if you will not have me, at least that cannot prevent me from becoming a Catholic and then burying myself in the slums. It will help to make me forget.' Instantly Lois held out her hand.

'God bless you, John, for that resolution! You will find your paradise in self-immolation.' They went silently indoors, John helping her to carry some of the eatables for dinner, which had been put in the spring-house to keep cool. Mrs. Malden questioned Lois later, for she saw that something was up between them, and after the disclosure, she went direct to her husband. The latter took Lois by the hand and led her upstairs to John's room. They found him with head bowed upon his table.

'Heck, John,' he said in his brusque way. 'No need to take it so hard! You ain't no real son o' mine anyway. Here's the papers that says you are the son of Jacob Lemont, my best friend, who left me five thousand dollars if I would raise you as my own. I bought this farm with it.'

Lois and John did not wait for Mr. Malden to leave the room to give vent to their happiness; in fact, they included him in it, and the last shred of ice melted in his tough old heart.

'Gosh!' he ejaculated, 'are them Papists all like you? If they are, blame if I wouldn't like to be one myself!'

And the two lovers looked happily at each other, and wondered if it were a prediction or a prophecy.

Famous Women---Monica, Mother of St. Augustine

Monica was born at Tagaste, in the northern part of Africa, in the year 333. Those were the early days of the Church, which had not been long out of the catacombs, out of the furnace of persecution. The society of northern Africa in those days was a peculiar mixture. Christians lived side by side with pagans, did business with them, and intermarried. So it was not surprising that when Monica reached marriageable age, she was betrothed to a pagan. Her husband was named Patricius. He was a product of the times, and being without religion, he had also no sense of morality. Monica knew that he was unfaithful to her, and it hurt her cruelly, because she loved him dearly, but she never complained, never reproached him for his infidelity, but only prayed to God to make him a Christian, knowing that when he became a Christian, he would also become chaste.

Besides being unfaithful, he had also a high temper, but he never had any cause to quarrel with Monica. She had learned 'not to resist an angry husband—not

in deed only, but not even in word,' as Augustine says of her. She bore the disgrace which her husband by his loose life heaped upon her, and showed that she was made of that strong womanhood of which saints are made. She was always calm and prayerful in the midst of all the difficulties which tried her soul.

But she suffered not only through her husband, but also at the hands of her mother-in-law. Some ill-willed servants carried tales about Monica to her, and for this reason, she disliked her daughter-in-law. Yet, instead of having high words with her, or showing dislike herself, she was always meek and respectful toward the old lady, until finally, judging for herself, the latter found that the servants were mischiefmakers, and told Patricius about it; he punished the miscreants, and after that, Monica and her mother-in-law were all kindness and sweetness toward each other. Monica was also known as a peacemaker among her neighbors; whenever she heard ill stories circulated about someone, she did not run to repeat them to the next party, but hid the disagreeable things, and repeated only what she thought would lead to a reconciliation.

Year after year she continued her life of patience with her husband, until, toward the end of his life, he was won away from paganism, and became a Christian. And Patricius had only the prayers of his wife to thank for the saving of his soul. What an example to many wives who complain and cry about the defection of their husbands, yet never dream of winning them back through prayer! And, with St. Monica as proof, is not prayer all-powerful?

But the greatest proof of the power of prayer was the conversion of Monica's son, Augustine. If he went wrong, it was not from lack of care on the part of his mother; the curse in her home was that she had married a man of no religion, and—example speaks louder than words, as we all know. Augustine's father, like many another non-Catholic, forbade his son's baptism, but he had great ambitions for him in the world and wished him to become a learned man. Learned he became, but, deprived of the great grace of the Faith, he fell into vice and continued in it for fifteen years, during which time his mother looked on helplessly, her words of warning and admonition unheeded by him. Her husband had died in the Faith, but now she must bear alone the grief of her son's infamous life; everywhere he was extolled as a brilliant professor, but he refused absolutely to give up his immoral life. He even became an enemy of the Faith by joining the heretical sect of Manicheans, which he eagerly grasped, because it permitted a wicked life, unbridled by faith.

Monica's heart was broken, but not for an instant did she give up hope; she believed that if she besieged Almighty God long enough, and ardently enough, He must eventually hear her—and He did. Augustine finally saw the light, gave up his iniquities, and was baptized in the year 387 by St. Ambrose. From then on began his career as saint and brilliant doctor of the Church.

The Evolution of Baking Powder

Long before human beings discovered the miracle of fire, they turned to the sun for help in the preparation of their food. The first hearth was a sun-heated stone! At first man merely chewed the seeds of various grasses—what we call grain now, between his teeth; but later he learned to grind these grains between two stones. The grain thus ground was dry and choky when eaten, so he thought of mixing it with water; it was an improvement, but one day he forgot his meal-cake out on a flat stone which he used as a table, and the sun baked it for him. Its taste was so much improved, that thereafter, he always put his cakes out in the sun to bake!

One day, when the sun refused to shine, but the air was warm, his cake began to ferment on the stone, and when he went to eat it, he found it full of innumerable little holes—like a sponge—the discovery of yeast! And the flavor was so much better, that he always let it ferment after that, before he put it in the sun to bake; besides, he found that it digested better too. Afterwards, when he discovered how to make a fire, he fared even better, roasting his cakes in the hot ashes.

How long it took him to find out these things, no one knows, but certain it is that he kept progressing until he found that by combining certain materials he could concoct a fermented mass, which, added to bread dough, would leaven it. Housewives used to keep it in a bowl, and constantly kept adding to it, so that the homemade yeast pot was never empty. But nowadays, in the rush and hurry of modern life, something quicker was needed, and scientists knitted their brows and stayed up nights trying to invent some leavener which would be quick, clean, and convenient, and do away with the old-fashioned yeast bowl. The yeast cake of commerce was invented, and hard upon its heels came baking powder. Not until baking powder came could we enjoy such delights as muffins, biscuits, griddle and sweet cakes. The latter were never attempted except by experienced professional cooks, since the results of making them were too uncertain, and thrifty housewives demurred against the waste incurred by failures.

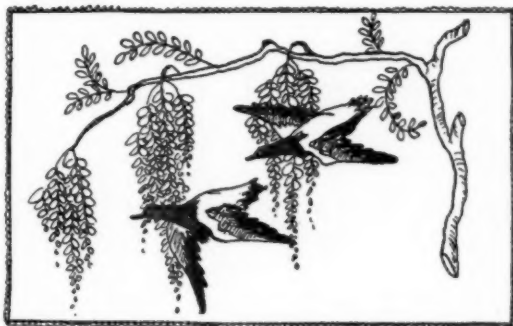
Baking powder revolutionized all this, and nowadays, anyone can, by following the explicit directions given in cookbooks, and the aid of baking powder, successfully attempt the most intricate cakes of the confectioner's art. To get the best results, this powder should be kept dry; if left uncovered so that moisture may enter, as on damp days, the soda and acid in it will combine and give off gas, thus lessening its leavening power.

Household Hints

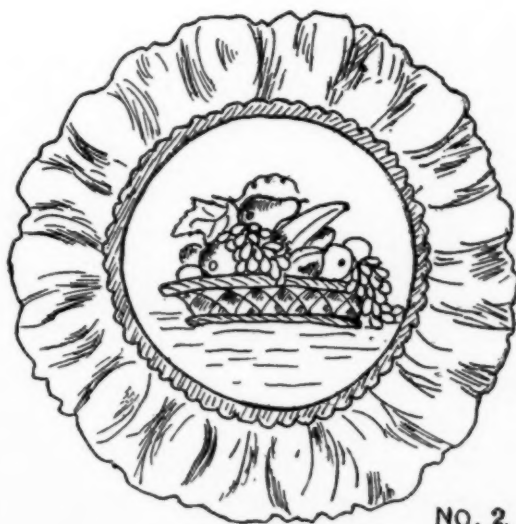
To stiffen your organdy frock, a better way than starching is the following: Dissolve about 5¢ worth of powdered gum arabic in warm water. Then add two quarts boiling water, and when cool enough to touch, douse the dress in it and wring out, same as starch.

Our Needlework Design

This month we give two designs for those who love to work in rich silks. No. 1 is a rich tray cloth to be placed under the glass of the oblong-shaped trays so much in use. It may be worked on red or golden-brown satin, or any other color heavy silk preferred, provided it contrasts with the embroidery. The work is best in satin stitch, in the following colors: Tree-limb brown, leaves a light, tender green, blossoms in three shades of lavender; heads and wing-edges of birds, black mixed with dark green, in imitation of the iridescent feathers of wild ducks, shading into brown, and then light grey for the bodies. It also makes a very pretty cushion top. When ordering, state size of your tray. No. 2 is a panel for the round, gathered cushions of today. Worked on dark silk in 'edge-satin-stitch' in the color of each fruit it is very effective. Patterns each 20¢. 2¢ stamps preferred. Address: Clare Hampton, 3343A. So. Compton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



No. 1



No. 2

Dressmaking Lessons

ONE, TWO, THREE—It's DONE!

ONE—You cut it out from pattern No. 1882 which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. When opened out it looks like figure No. 1.

TWO—Fold it over on shoulders.

THREE—Run up the seams, hem skirt, lay pleats at side seams and add sleeve extensions if long sleeves are desired.

It's DONE—Figure No. 4 is your dress completed—all ready to wear in an hour's time! The woman who knows nothing about sewing, will, of course, take a little longer, but even for her, the task will be an easy one.

For general wear, twill, kasha, poplin or one of the new plaid woollens is suitable. Crepe de Chine, crepe satin and the fancy silks are also suitable.

In the 36-inch size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, is required. Price 15¢ in stamps or coin (coin preferred).

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to the GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our Patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

Our FALL AND WINTER FASHION MAGAZINE contains about 300 styles, new hot-iron transfer designs, illustrated dressmaking lessons, a section devoted to styles for children for school, play and "dress-up" occasions and there are also two pages of pretty Christmas gifts that you can make at home. This book is worth many times its price so we suggest when you send your pattern order that you enclose 10¢ extra for a copy. Address your order to the GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

NOTE:—At least ten days should be allowed for sending patterns.

All patterns 15¢ each, stamps or coin (coin preferred).

No. 2224—The Tunic Blouse. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material.

No. 1957—Smart Style. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material.

No. 2218—New One-Piece Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with 1½ yards 20-inch contrasting.

No. 2239—One-Piece Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2183—Becoming Style. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material.

Hot-iron transfer pattern No. 720 (blue and yellow) costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2208—Style for Autumn Days. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material.

No. 2070—Becoming Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2226—New Cape Dress. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with 1½ yards 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2233—Youthful Design. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3 yards 40-inch material.

No. 2051—One-Piece Apron. The diagram explains simple construction. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size takes 2 yards 36-inch material with 7 yards binding.

No. 2201—Jaunty Style for Girls. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 takes 2½ yards 36-inch material.

No. 2188—Suit for Small Chaps. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 takes $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch material for the trousers and 1 yard 36-inch material for the waist.

No. 2221—Attractive Frook for the Young Miss. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 takes 2 yards 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch contrasting.



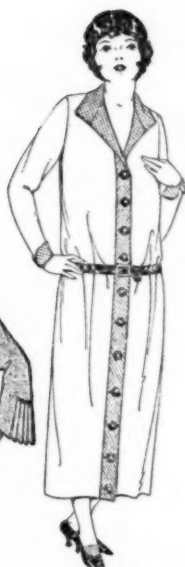
1882



2224



1957



2218



2239



2208



2070



2070



2226



2233

2183
Emb.
720



2183



2208



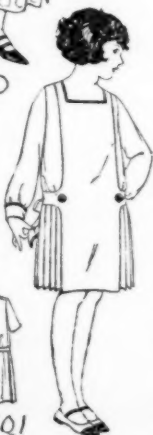
2051



2224



2201



2239



1957



2218



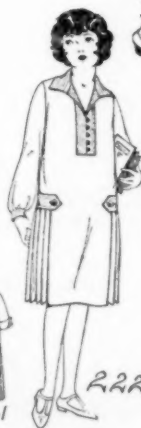
2188



2233



2221



2221



2051

ADVERTISEMENTS

HEARING RESTORED OFTEN IN 24 HOURS

Amazing Results Secured in One Day by Use of K-17
Formerly Known as Rattle Snake Oil

Deafness and Head Noises need not be dreaded any longer since this remarkable discovery. Now it is possible for some of the most obstinate cases of deafness to be relieved in a day's time by the application of a prescription formerly known as Rattle Snake Oil. This treatment is meeting with wide success all over the country.

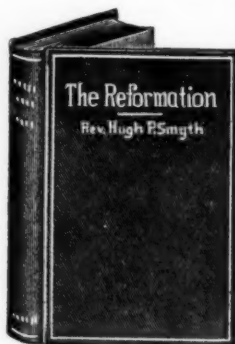
Mr. D. Dey, a Nebraska resident, 67 years old, says, "I have used the treatment for only two weeks and my hearing is restored perfectly. The relief was almost instantaneous and now the head noises have disappeared. My catarrh, a case of many years standing, is improving wonderfully."

This compound, which is known as K-17, is easily used at home and seems to work almost like magic in its rapidity, on people of all ages.

So confident are we that K-17 will cure you, that we offer to send a large \$2 bottle for only \$1 on 10 days' free trial. If the results are not satisfactory, it costs you nothing.

Send no money—just your name and address to the Greene Laboratories, 524 Greene Bldg., Kansas City, Kas., and the treatment will be mailed at once. Use it according to the simple directions. If at the end of 10 days your hearing is not relieved, your catarrh and asthma showing wonderful improvement, just send it back and your money will be refunded without question. This offer is fully guaranteed so write today and give this wonderful compound a trial.

THE REFORMATION



Never before has the story of The Reformation been so interestingly told. Written in plain understandable English that a school boy can read, and read with interest. How few Catholics know of The Reformation other than a vague history of Martin Luther and Henry VIII. 241

Pages, Cloth Binding, Price \$1.50.
THE ABBEY PRESS

Book Dept.

St. Meinrad Ind.

Lest You Forget! Honor Your Beloved Dead



All Souls' Day falls, this year, on Sunday, November 2nd, and if you desire to honor your beloved dead, place a Badger Memorial Cross at the graves of your deceased relatives.

Badger Memorial Iron Grave Crosses are low-priced but beautiful in their simplicity and dignity.

Easy to Set Up— Anyone can quickly set up a Badger Cross. They last for ages. No grave need be unmarked.

Low Priced— The prices vary from \$10 to \$28, complete with base, name and inscription. Send for catalog showing many beautiful designs.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded
BADGER WIRE & IRON WORKS
1129 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Over
69
Years
of
Success



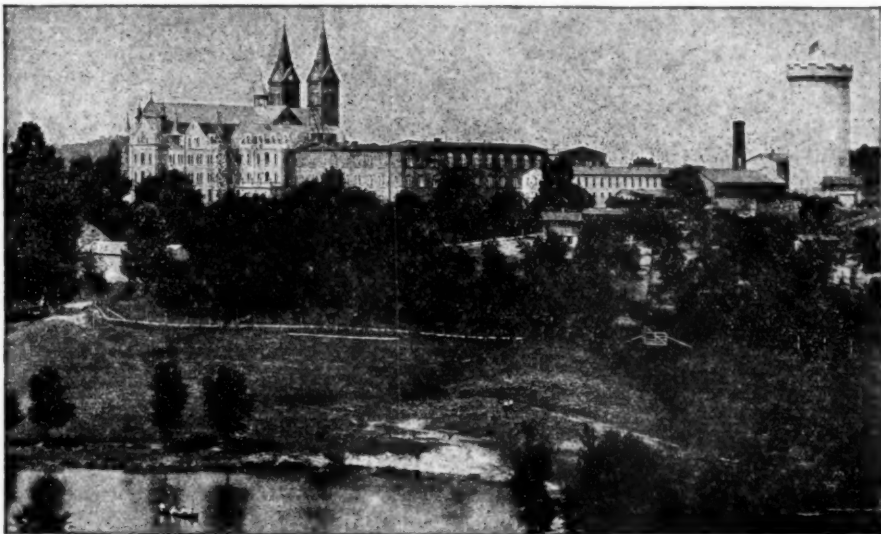
**FATHER
JOHN'S
MEDICINE**
for
Coughs
and
Colds

Your druggist can get Father John's Medicine for you if he does not have it in stock, or we will send a large size bottle by express prepaid if you send your order with \$1.20 to Father John's Medicine, Lowell, Mass.

Young Man!

Help the Home Missions by Becoming a Lay Brother!

To save souls the priest needs the help of the Lay Brother



The Benedictine Order at first consisted almost exclusively of lay members. Its ideal—the perfect family life of prayer and work like to the first Christians—preached the Catholic religion from the Abbeys more by example than by word. This is the secret of the Benedictines converting England, Germany, Scandinavia and the lands of the Slavs. Monks as priests were necessary for this, but there remained always as faithful coworkers, the lay members of the community, now known as Lay Brothers.

The work of the Benedictine Lay Brothers in the United States has been chiefly for the Home Missions. In each Abbey they have assisted by prayer and work in the training of a native clergy,—the only way to make a mission permanent. As a particular case, take the Abbey whence the Grail comes. Nearly fifty Lay Brothers, in their devotion to the domestic affairs, make possible the education of nearly three hundred students for the priesthood for the central states, chiefly for Indiana. Indiana is a mission field,—only one Catholic in every ten persons. The Lay Brothers from the Abbey have also been active in the Sioux Indian missions of the Dakotas.

If you feel a calling for this great work write:—

The Rt. Rev. Abbot, O. S. B.

St. Meinrad Abbey

St. Meinrad, Ind.

BARGAINS

BARGAINS

BARGAINS

The New 1925 Grail Catholic Art Calendar

During October

30c Each

4 for \$1.00



Buy Your Calendars "NOW" and Save 25 per cent

1925 Calendar Prices:

40 cents each,

3 for \$1.00

During October:

30 cents each,

4 for \$1.00

The Grail Catholic Art Calendar for 1925 is now ready. As a special inducement for the early buyer and to get this calendar into our subscribers' homes we have decided to offer it to our readers at the wonderfully low price of 30¢ each, 4 for \$1.00, \$2.70 per dozen (instead of 40¢ each, 3 for \$1.00, \$3.90 per dozen) provided the order is received in this office before Oct. 31, 1924.

Yes it is quite early. But remember that the early buyer always gets the cream. Thus place your order now. Have your calendars in store in ample time for the holiday season and you will not be disappointed.

Many, Many Thousand Calendars Sold Last Year

Many, many thousands of these calendars were sold last year. The Grail Catholic Art Calendar is the most popular and most beautiful Calendar ever produced. It shows all of the feastdays of the Church in large red letters. A red fish is imprinted over the black dates on all fast days, and on each day is shown the name of the Saint to whom the particular day is dedicated. The titles of the national holidays are also shown in red. An excerpt from the Bible appears on every date with the exception of Sundays on which the Gospel reference is given. On fast days of special Catholic Devotion is reproduced an appropriate picture for the day.

An Ornament not only a Calendar

Many of our friends have informed us that they are using the reproduced famous masterpieces as wall ornaments after having them framed. The Calendar has fourteen pages, size 9x17 inches. Twelve of these pages are devoted to the months, on which are re-

produced in the four color process in very rich colors 12 of the most famous religious masterpieces.

Poor Students Receive All Profits

All of the profits from the sales of these calendars are devoted to the education of poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood. Thus by purchasing these calendars you secure for yourself or your friends not only a splendid and useful work of art, but you are assisting many a penniless youth to attain his ideal, namely to offer up the Divine Sacrifice.

"WANTED"

Agents to sell the above illustrated Calendar. Write for information. A liberal commission will be allowed to you. You can sell it during your spare time. Write to-day!
Address: Benedictine Fathers, Calendar Department, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

BENEDICTINE FATHERS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Enclosed find \$..... for which please send me Calendars reproduced in four-color process, containing 14 pages, size 9x17 inches.

Name

Address

Town and State